

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

DAREDEVIL



NO. 32

The Greatest Name in Comics

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA

Evening Times
SEPTEMBER 1, 1945

DAREDEVIL AND WISE GUYS SMASH BLACKMARKETEERS

CRIMEBUSTERS HAVE BUSY DAY
by Charles Biro

Out on the Heavens, at the Pacific...

"Daredevil" is All the man if Crime isn't it of the...

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA



WEB COMIC
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UNCLE SAM *NEEDS*

YOUR TIN CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!

IF YOU LIVE IN A SMALLER TOWN OR RURAL REGION YOU CAN BRING YOUR TIN CANS TO A CENTRAL DEPOT. IN LARGER COMMUNITIES, WHERE THE CANS ARE COLLECTED BY CITY REFUSE AGENCIES, YOU CAN HELP IN THE FOLLOWING WAY:

- ① DISTRIBUTE CIRCULARS ON THE NEED FOR TIN CAN COLLECTIONS AND ON THE PROPER PREPARATION OF CANS.
- ② RING DOORBELLS BEFORE COLLECTION DAYS REMINDING RESIDENTS TO HAVE CANS READY.
- ③ CHECK RESIDENTS ON COLLECTION DAYS TO MAKE SURE THAT CANS ARE PREPARED AND SET OUT.

YOUR TIN CANS CAN MAKE...

LBS.

| | |
|--|-------|
| 1 MEDIUM TANK..... | 35.00 |
| 1 17-INCH STERILIZING UNIT FOR MEDICAL CORPS..... | .25 |
| 1 COMPLETE MOBILE X-RAY MACHINE..... | 1.00 |
| 1 37-MM. GUN FOR AIR CORPS..... | 1.50 |
| 1 3-INCH ANTI-TANK GUN.... | 7.81 |
| 1 ENGINEER CORPS 4-TON TRUCK..... | 10.01 |
| 1 LIGHT TANK..... | 20.22 |
| 1 HEAVY BOMBER, LONG RANGE..... | 57.29 |

3 OF A KIND!

the **GREATEST
HAND IN
COMICS!**

by **THE GREATEST TEAM
IN COMICS**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER
CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD,
EDITORS



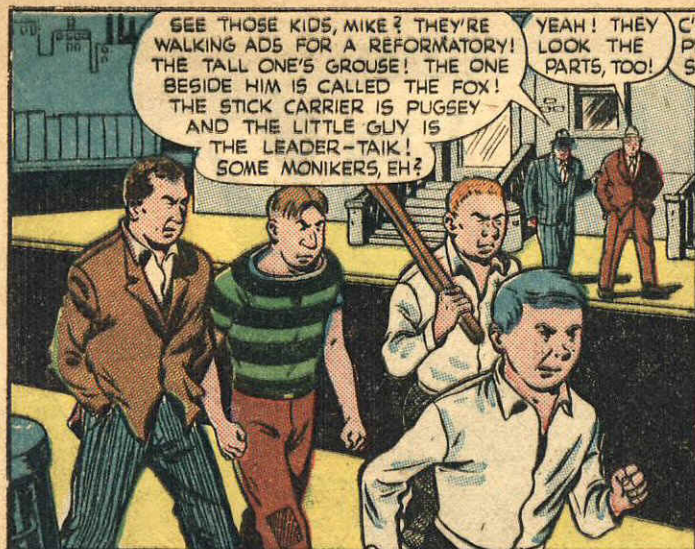
DAREDEVIL

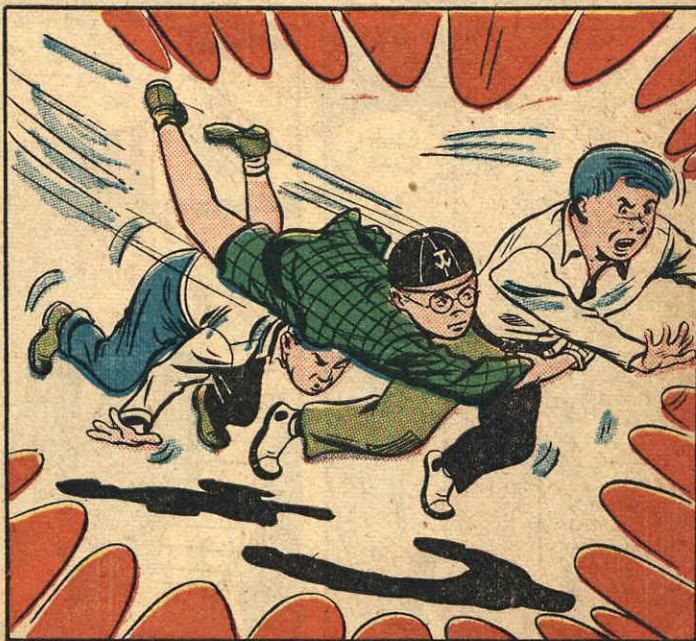
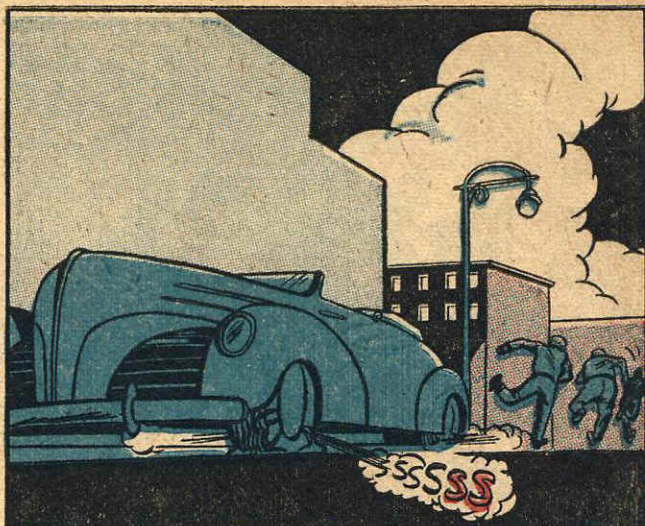
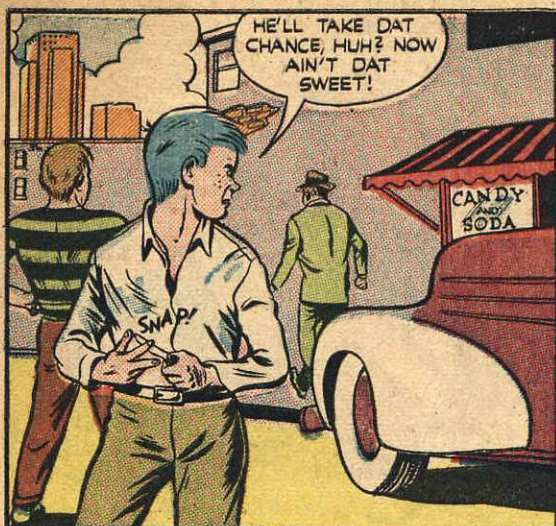
by
CHARLES
BIRD

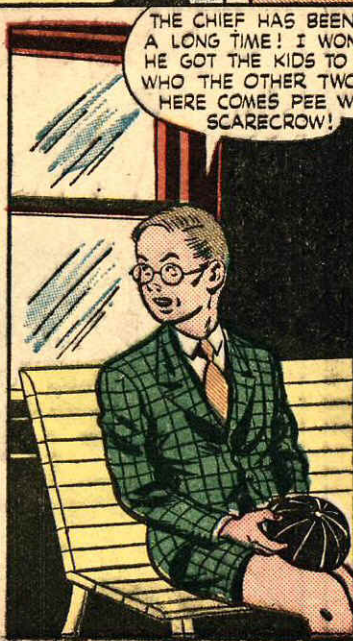
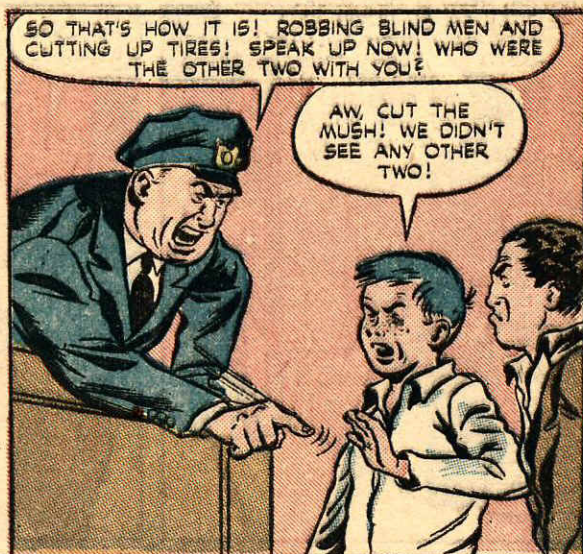
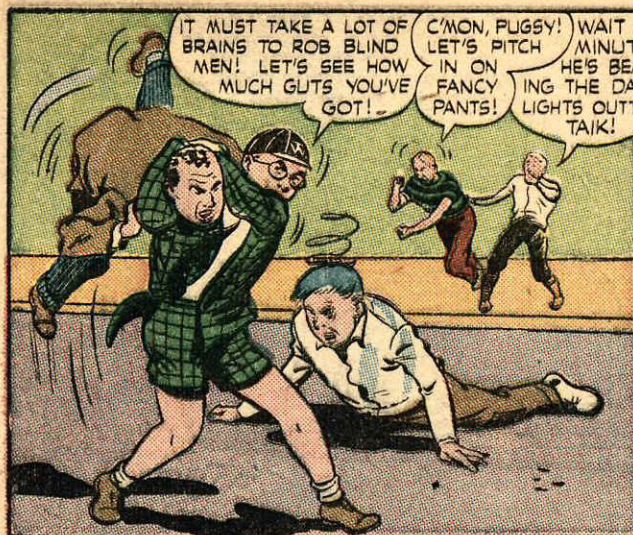


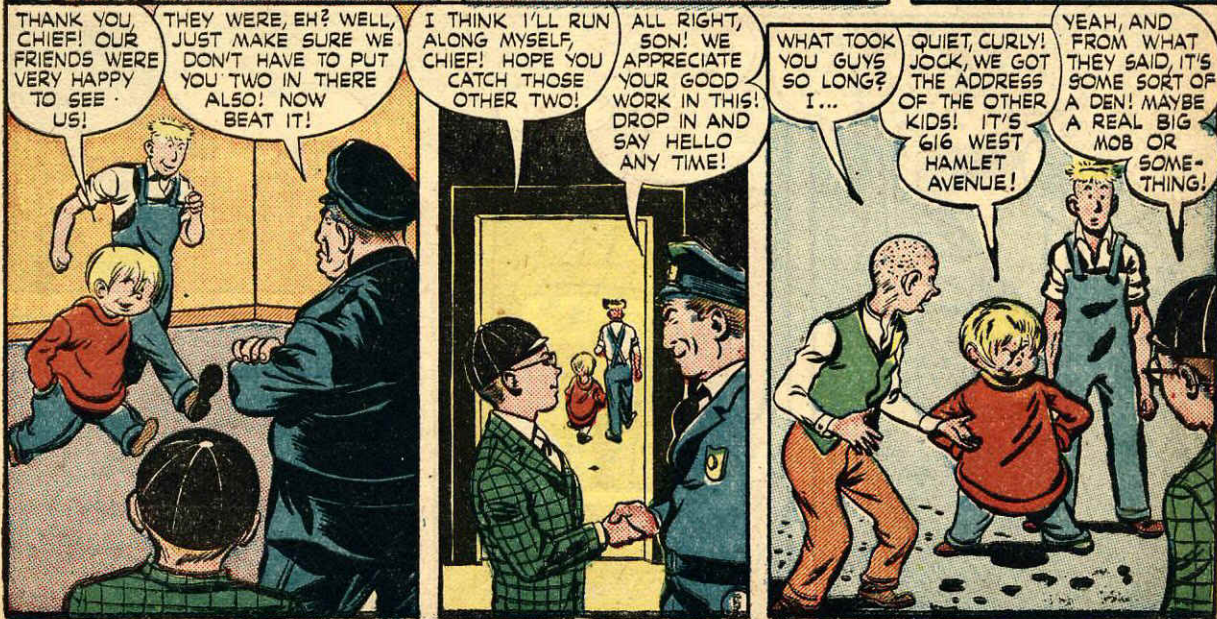
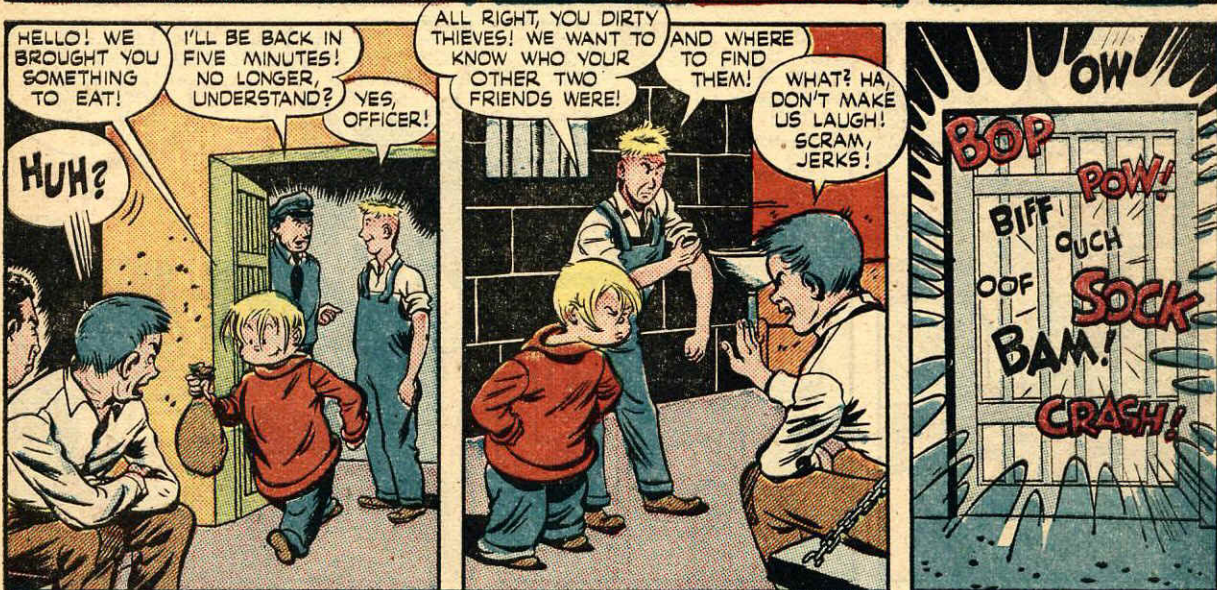
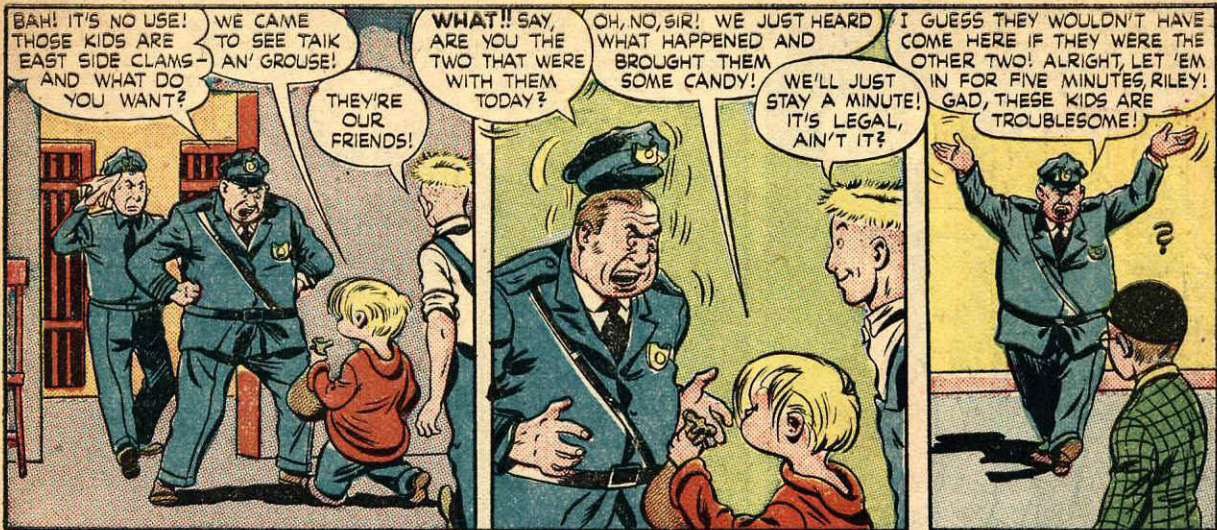
2-4-6-8

WHO DO WE
APPRECIATE—UNCLE
SAM—AND THE WAY
TO PROVE IT IS
ILLUSTRATED BY
DAREDEVIL AND THE
LITTLE WISE GUYS IN
THIS HAIRRAISER—
TAKE IT AWAY....











FEE WEE, YOU'D BETTER GET CAREDEVIL! THAT TAIK SEEMED TOO TOUGH AND CONFIDENT! THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS!

OKEY DOKEY, JOCK!



GOSH! WHAT AN UGLY NEIGHBORHOOD!

IT'S PRETTY RUN DOWN ALL RIGHT! LET'S SEE—HAMLET AVENUE SHOULD BE THE NEXT ONE UP ACCORDING TO THE STOREKEEPER WE ASKED!



HERE IT IS, 616!

GOSH! WHAT A FIRE TRAP!

QUIET! THERE MAY BE SOMEONE IN THERE!



I CAN HARDLY SEE THROUGH THESE DIRTY WINDOWS!

FELLOWS! COME HERE!



SUFFERING CATS! THE PLACE IS LOADED WITH LOOT!

A HIDEOUT, I BETCHA!

QUIET, NOW! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE! WE'LL SLIP IN THRU WINDOW AND WAIT!



WHY IT'S FULL OF TIRES AND GAS AND STUFF!

HEY, LOOK, STOCKINGS!

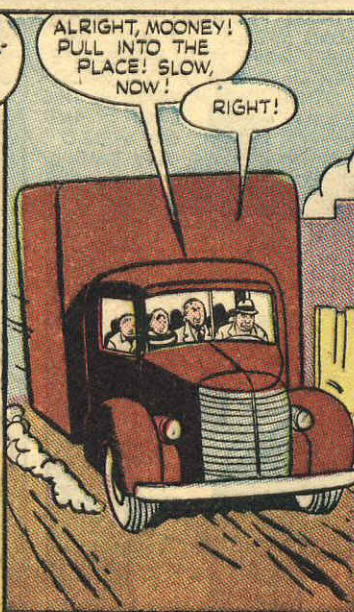
FELLERS, I THINK WE'VE STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING REAL BIG!



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT, JOCK?

MAYBE THEY WON'T BE BACK FOR DAYS!

I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'LL BE HERE PRETTY SOON! BLACK-MARKET GOODS LIKE THIS ARE USUALLY GOTTEN RID OF AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!



ALRIGHT, MOONEY! PULL INTO THE PLACE! SLOW, NOW!

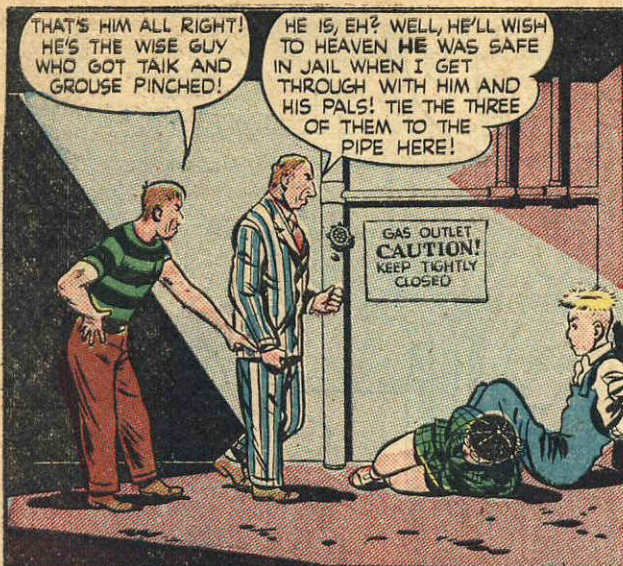
RIGHT!

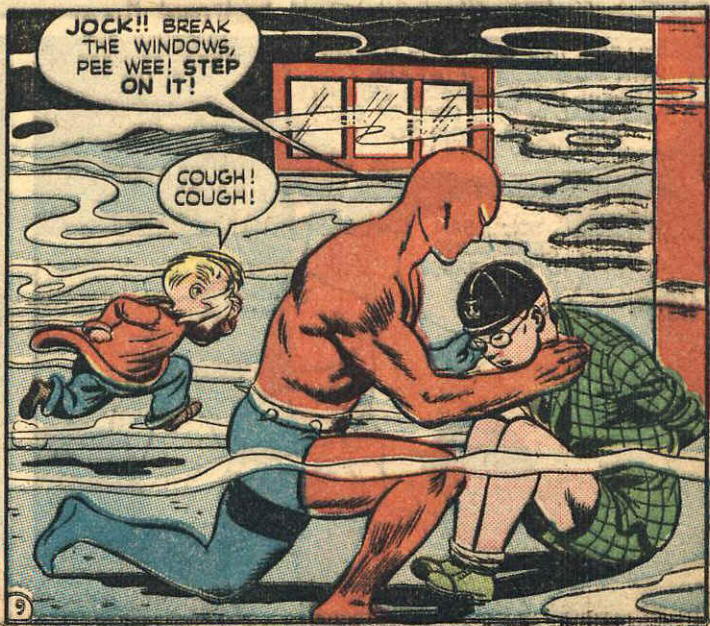
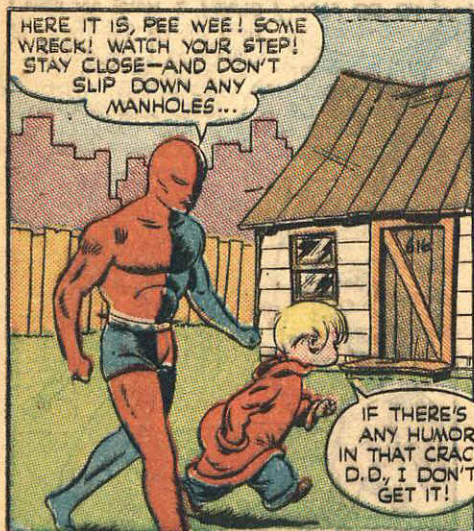
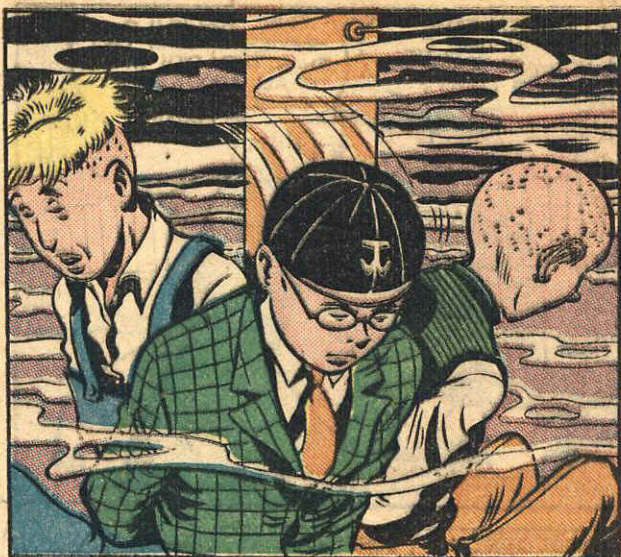
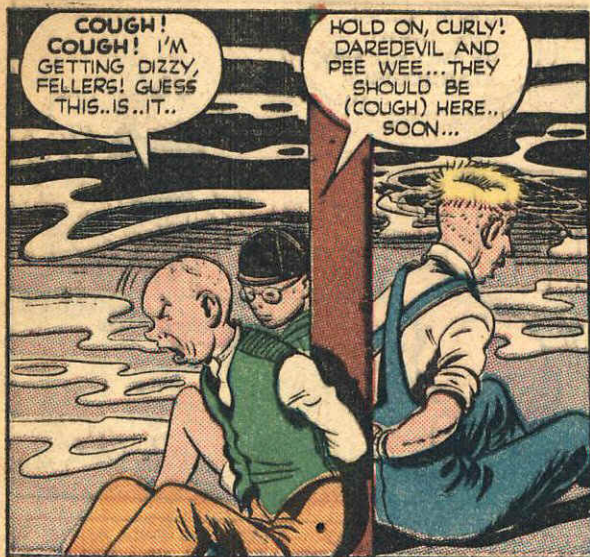


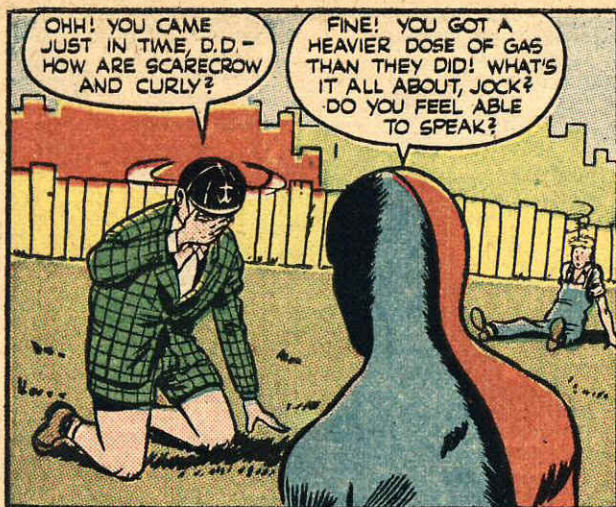
WAIT OUTSIDE, MOONEY!

RIGHT!









OHH! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME, D.D. - HOW ARE SCARECROW AND CURLY?

FINE! YOU GOT A HEAVIER DOSE OF GAS THAN THEY DID! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, JOCK? DO YOU FEEL ABLE TO SPEAK?



LEAPIN' CATS! IT'S THEM! THE TWO KID! HEY, DAREDEVIL!



HONEST, DAREDEVIL! WE WEREN'T GONNA LET THEM DIE! THAT'S WHY WE CAME BACK!

SURE! CARLSON AND MOONEY ARE NO FRIENDS OF OURS! WE JUST WANTED TO MAKE A FEW BUCKS, BUT MURDER AIN'T IN OUR LINE!



I GUESS WE ASKED FOR WHAT-EVER WE GET! GO AHEAD-LOCK US UP, DAREDEVIL!

WE'RE NO GOOD, MAYBE- BUT WE'RE NOT MURDERERS!

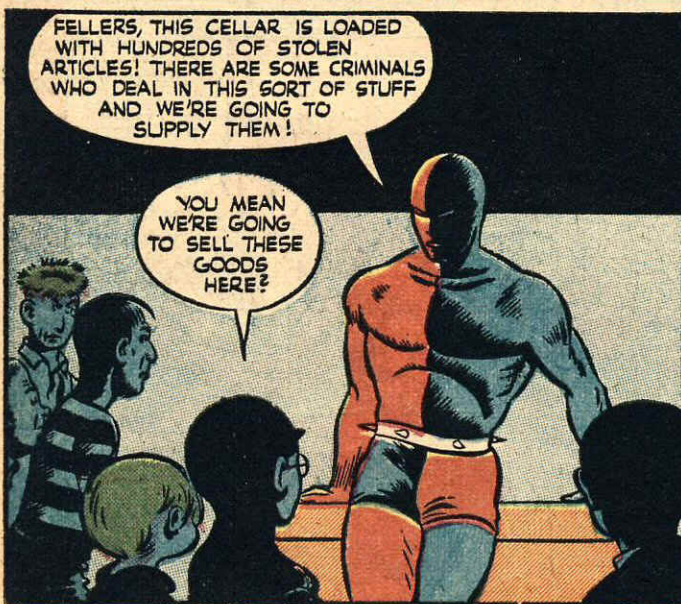
NO, I CAN SEE THAT! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELVES?



WOULD WE?? GOSH, I'D DO ANYTHING!

WOULDJA GIVE US A CHANCE, HUH, DAREDEVIL?

LET'S GO BACK IN THE CELLAR! YOU, TOO, WISE GUYS! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT CLEAR THINGS UP! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT ASSOCIATING WITH RATS LIKE MOONEY AND CARLSON DOESN'T PAY!

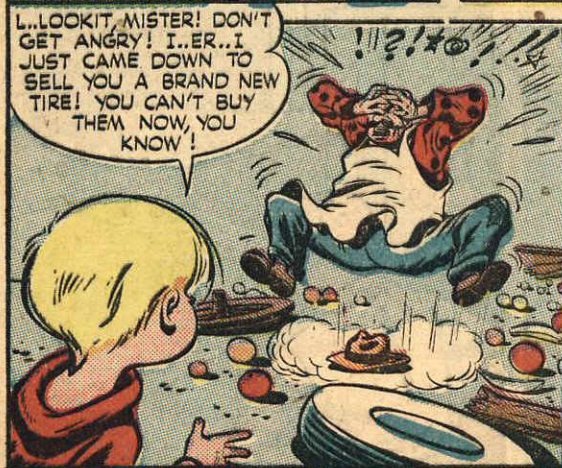
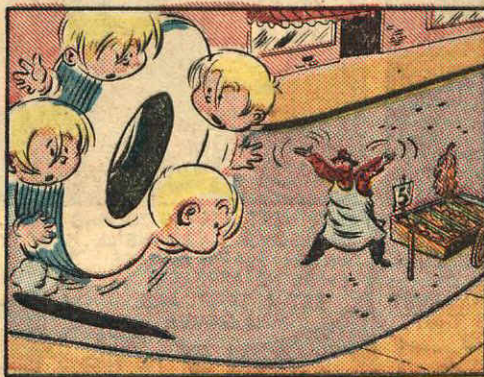
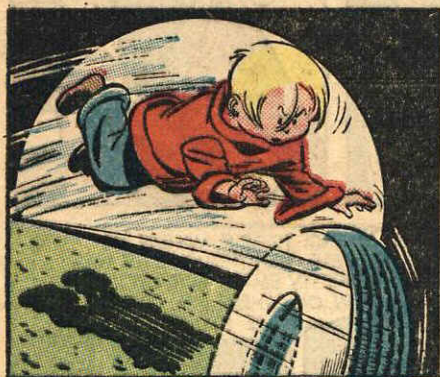
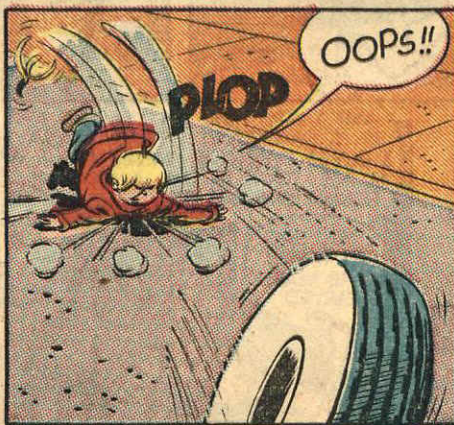
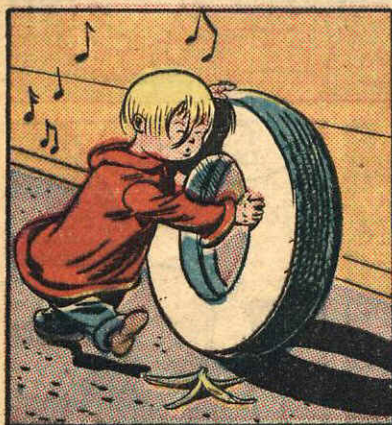


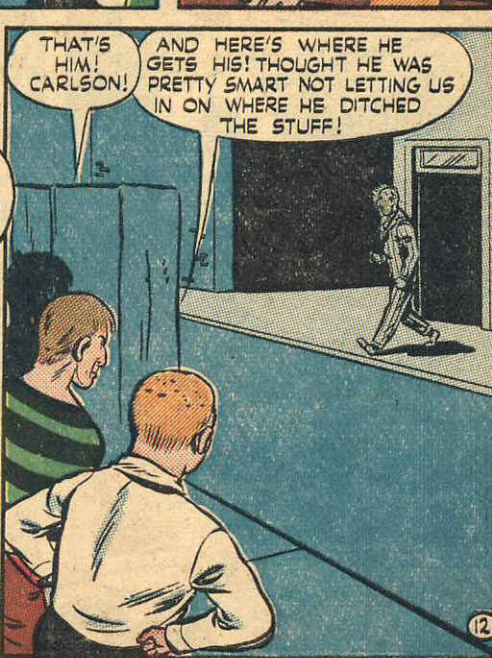
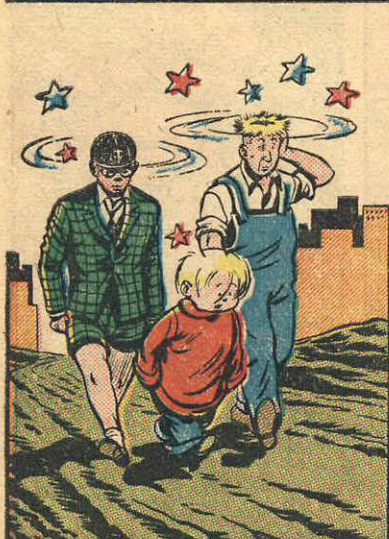
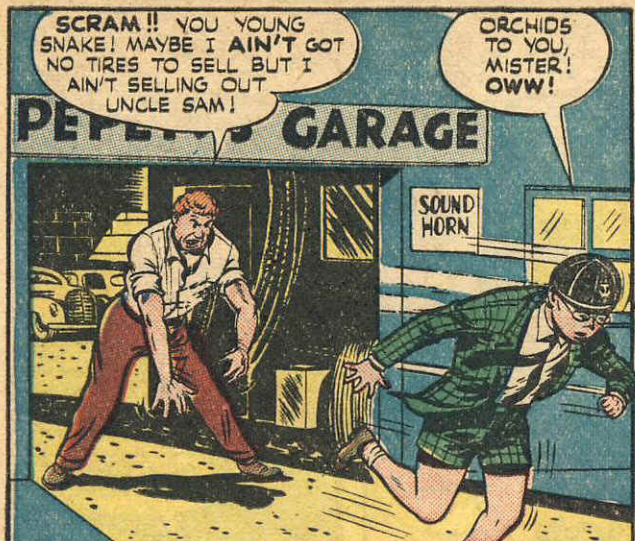
FELLERS, THIS CELLAR IS LOADED WITH HUNDREDS OF STOLEN ARTICLES! THERE ARE SOME CRIMINALS WHO DEAL IN THIS SORT OF STUFF AND WE'RE GOING TO SUPPLY THEM!

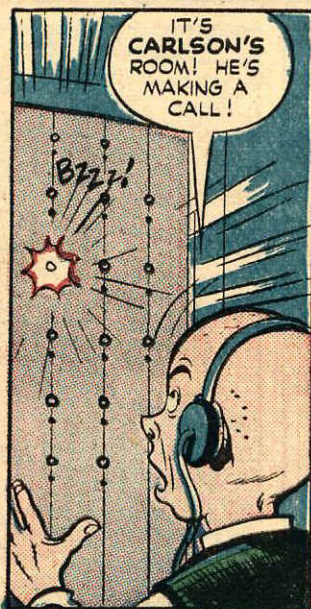
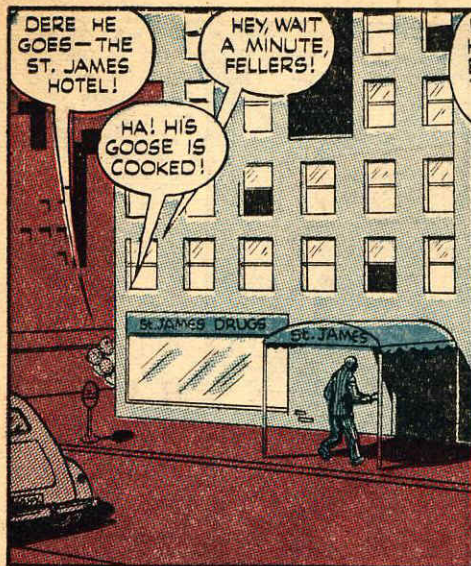
YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO SELL THESE GOODS HERE?

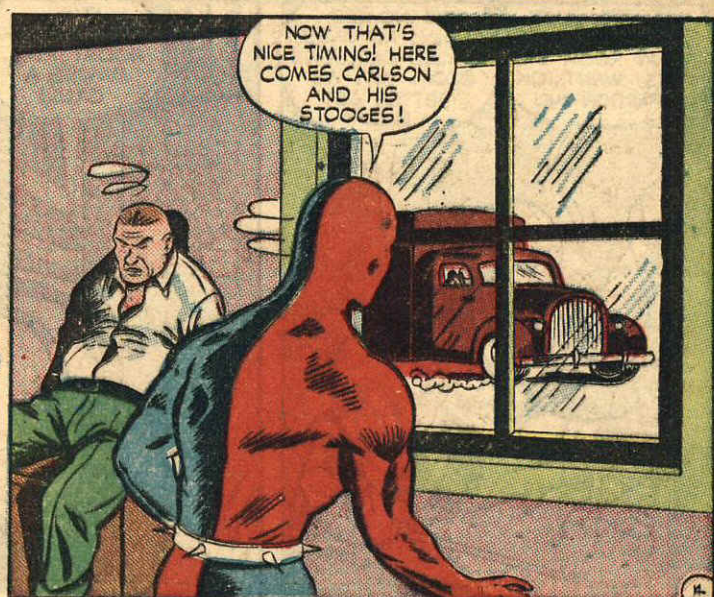
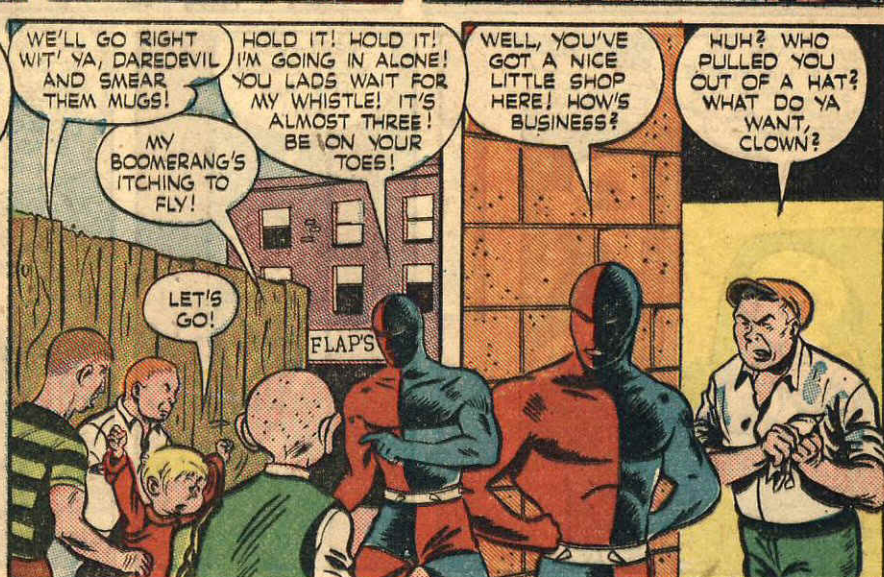


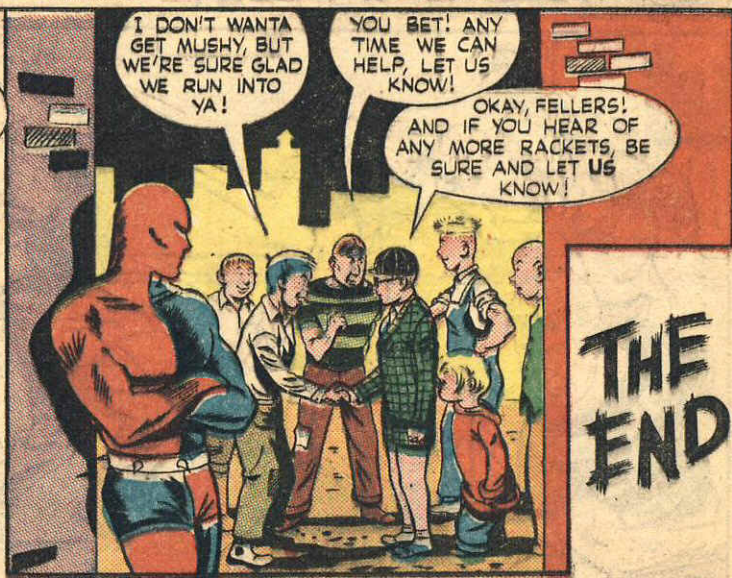
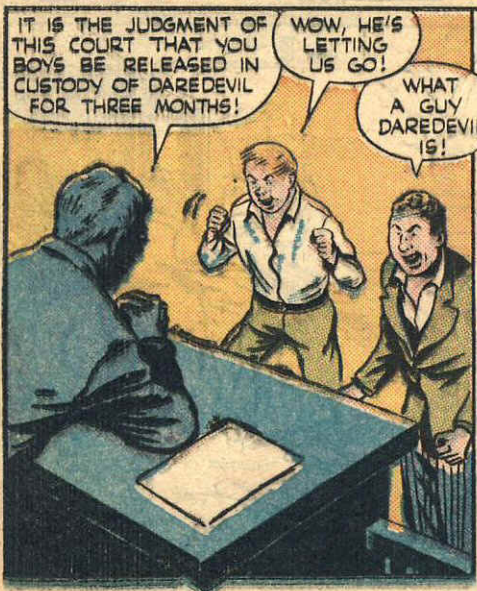
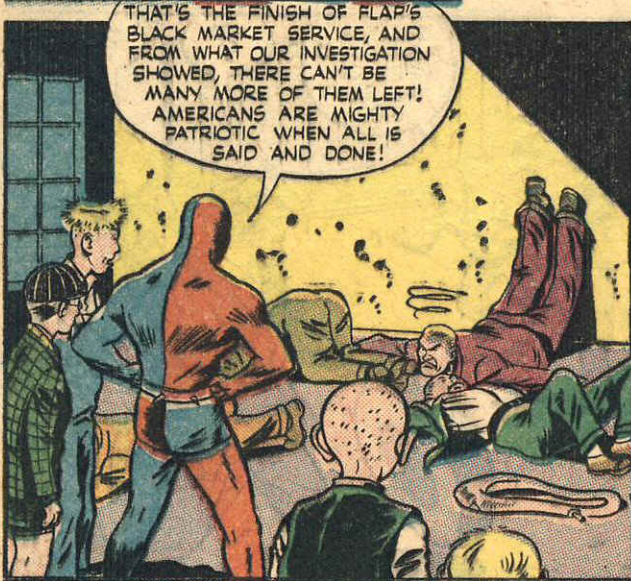
THAT'S RIGHT, JOCK! FOR ONE DAY WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE FENCES! WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHO IS BUYING THESE GOODS! AND WITH LUCK THE WHEREABOUTS OF MOONEY AND CARLSON!











THE
END

Dickie Dean

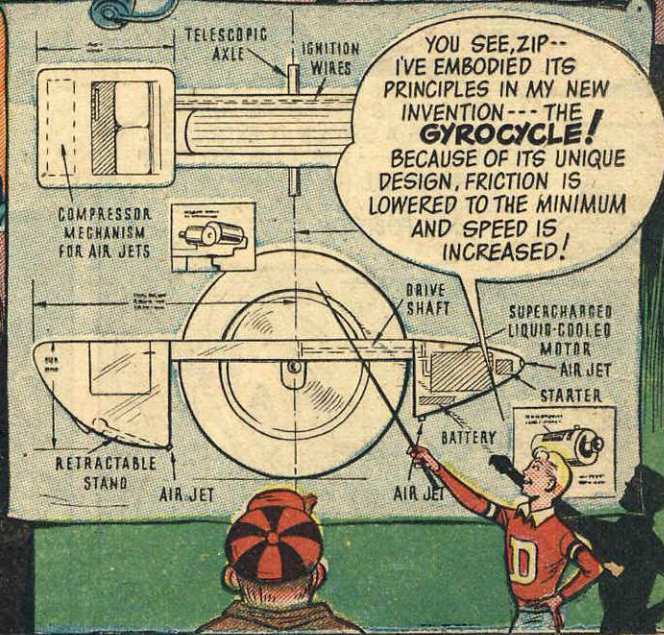
The Boy Inventor



At the Dean Laboratories

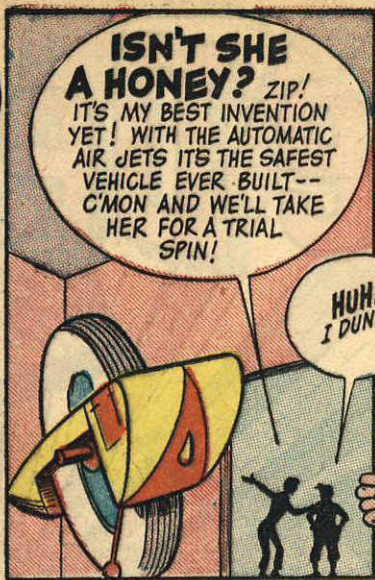
WHAT THE ---
PLAYING WITH TOYS,
DICKIE? --- IS THIS
YOUR SECOND
CHILDHOOD OR
SOMETHIN'?

THIS IS
JUST A SIMPLE
GYROSCOPIC
TOP---





BUT THAT ISN'T ALL ZIP-- IT HAS MANY OTHER FEATURES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION --COME OVER AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!



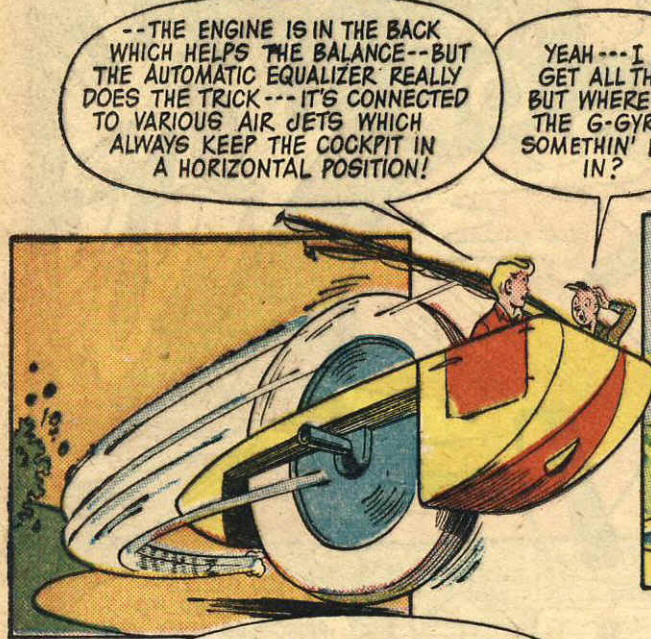
ISN'T SHE A HONEY? ZIP!
IT'S MY BEST INVENTION YET! WITH THE AUTOMATIC AIR JETS IT'S THE SAFEST VEHICLE EVER BUILT-- C'MON AND WE'LL TAKE HER FOR A TRIAL SPIN!

HUH!
I DUNNO!



--I JUST REMEMBERED --- I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE -- BESIDES THAT THING'S GOT ONLY ONE WHEEL!

AW-- COME ON ZIP, WE'LL TAKE OUR FISHING TACKLE ALONG -- I KNOW OF A SWELL SPOT NEAR AN OLD SAW-MILL!

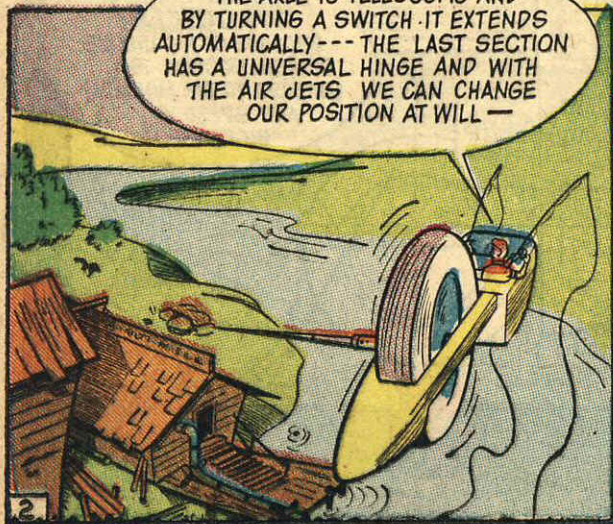


--THE ENGINE IS IN THE BACK WHICH HELPS THE BALANCE-- BUT THE AUTOMATIC EQUALIZER REALLY DOES THE TRICK --- IT'S CONNECTED TO VARIOUS AIR JETS WHICH ALWAYS KEEP THE COCKPIT IN A HORIZONTAL POSITION!

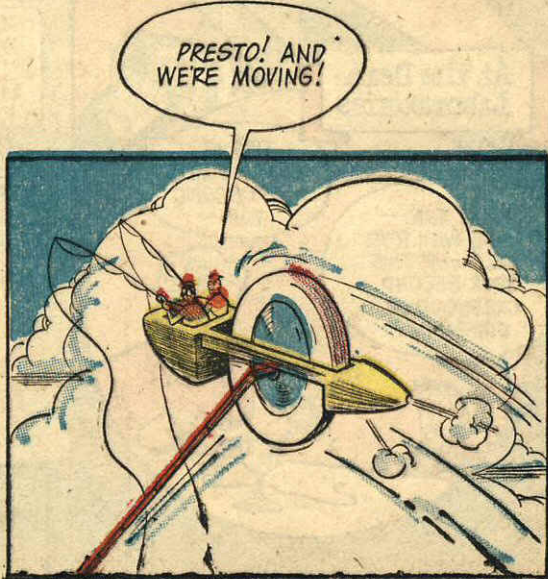
YEAH --- I GET ALL THAT BUT WHERE DOES THE G-GYRO-SOMETHIN' FIT IN?



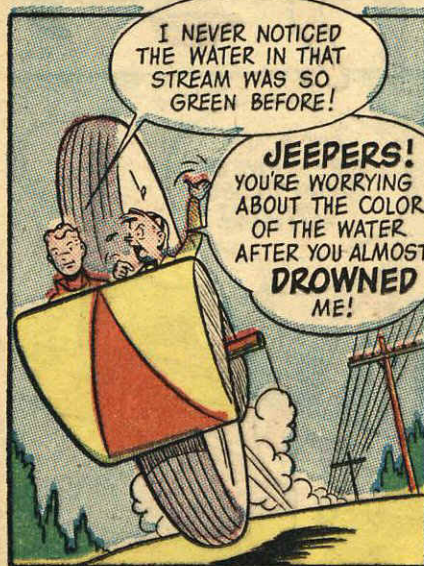
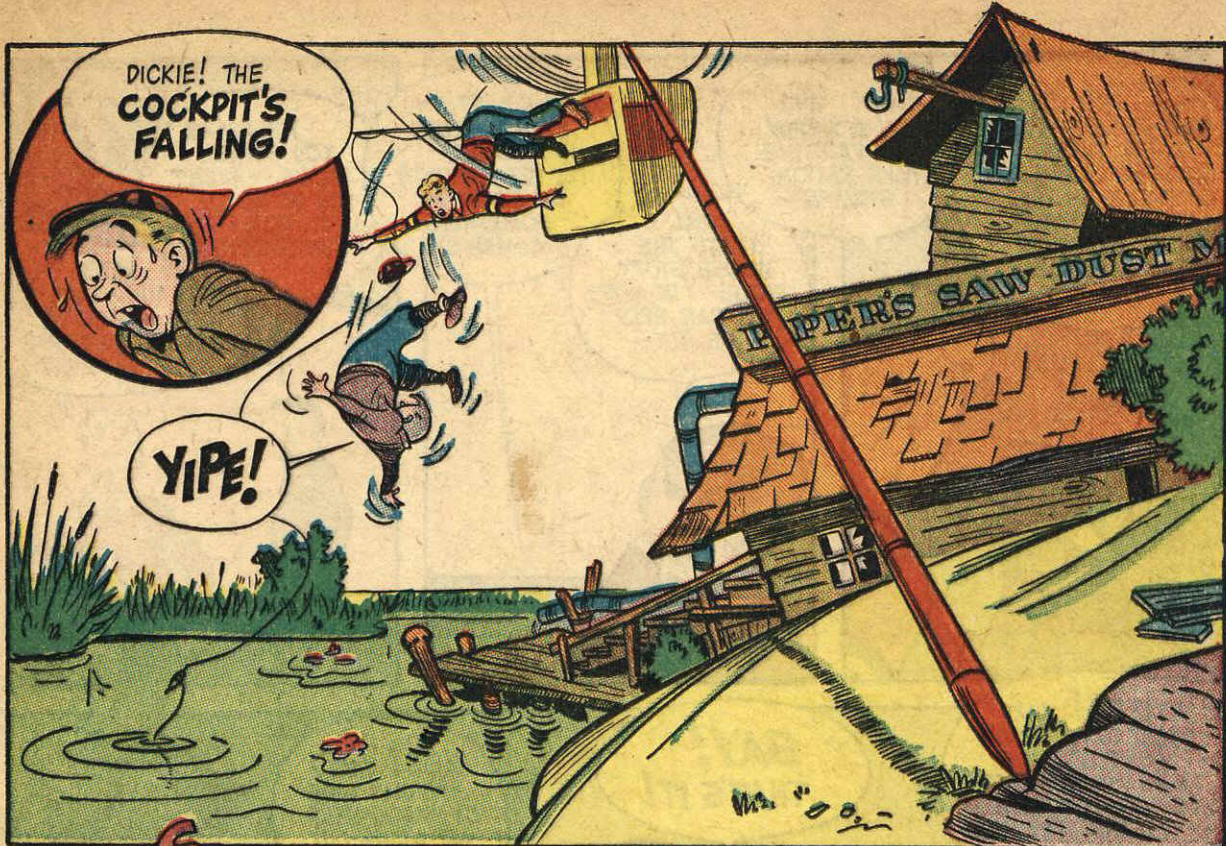
I'LL SHOW YOU IN A MINUTE ZIP -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE NOW -- BETTER GET THE HOOKS BAITED!



THE AXLE IS TELESCOPIC AND BY TURNING A SWITCH IT EXTENDS AUTOMATICALLY --- THE LAST SECTION HAS A UNIVERSAL HINGE AND WITH THE AIR JETS WE CAN CHANGE OUR POSITION AT WILL --



PRESTO! AND WE'RE MOVING!





-----SO YOU SEE, DICKIE--- WE KNOW THESE COUNTERFEITERS ARE OPERATING IN THIS VICINITY--- YET WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY IMAGINABLE SPOT--

--HMM--- AND YOU SAY THEY ARE PRINTING FAKE RATION STAMPS--

WELL-- THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY DICKIE-- I DO HOPE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT--

I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED, INSPECTOR-- I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS SOMETHING COMES UP!

WHERE'RE YOU GOING, DICKIE -- AREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK FOR THOSE COUNTERFEITERS?

NEVER MIND THAT, ZIP --- BETTER GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES!



THERE! THAT OUGHT TO FIX IT SO'S IT WON'T SPILL US AGAIN--HMM--LET'S SEE--COUNTERFEITERS---MEANS THEY HAVE **PRINTING EQUIPMENT!**

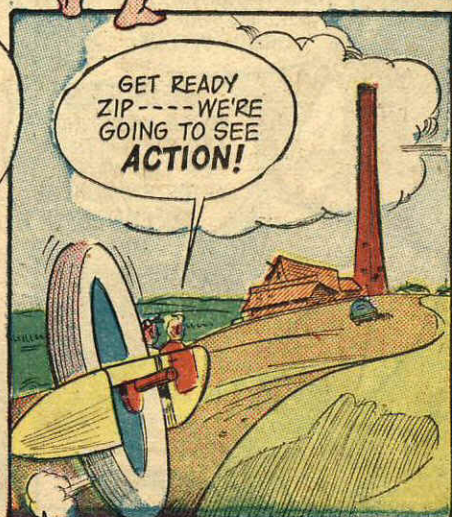
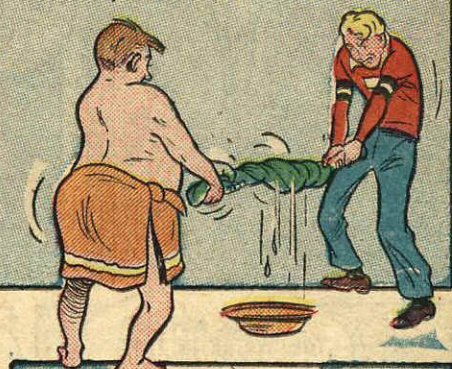
SAY! THAT'S IT!

GEE! THAT'S AWFULLY NICE OF YOU TO HELP ME WRING OUT MY PANTS, DICKIE!



NOW TO PUT A SLIDE WITH A DROP OF THAT WATER UNDER THE MICROSCOPE--

WHAT?-- THE OLD MILL! ---YOU BET DICKIE--- BE RIGHT OUT THERE!



GET READY ZIP --- WE'RE GOING TO SEE **ACTION!**

MEANWHILE INSIDE
THE SAW-MILL

WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?

THE COPS HAVE
THE PLACE
SURROUNDED!

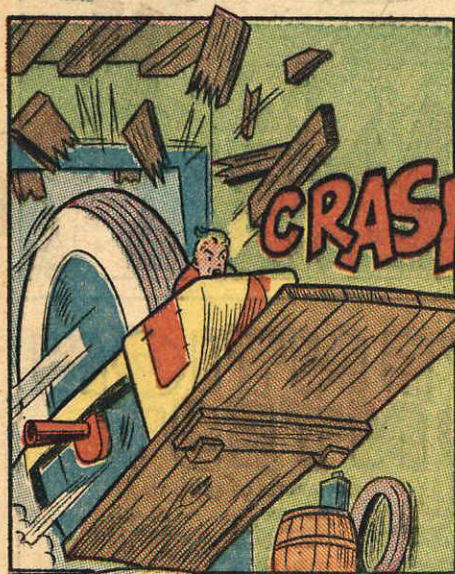
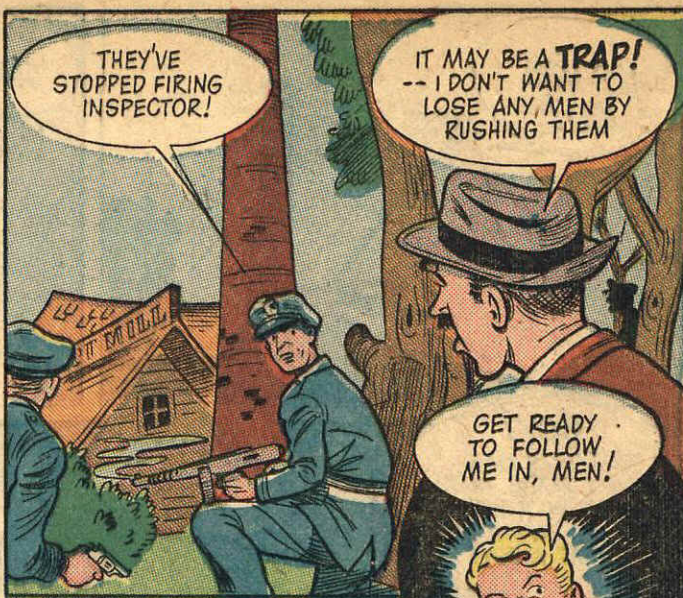
COME ALONG
WID ME, BABE
--- I'VE GOT
AN IDEA--



THEY'VE
STOPPED FIRING
INSPECTOR!

IT MAY BE A TRAP!
-- I DON'T WANT TO
LOSE ANY MEN BY
RUSHING THEM

GET READY
TO FOLLOW
ME IN, MEN!



EMPTY!

THEY'VE
GONE!

--BUT
WHERE?

HERE'S WHERE
YOU'LL FIND THEM--
THEY'VE CLIMBED UP
INTO THIS CHIMNEY
AND SEALED THE
OPENING

BUT WHY?
THEY'RE
TRAPPED!



-- PROBABLY
FIGURE ON HOLDING
OUT 'TILL NIGHT-FALL
--- IT WOULD BE
A CINCH TO GET
AWAY THEN!

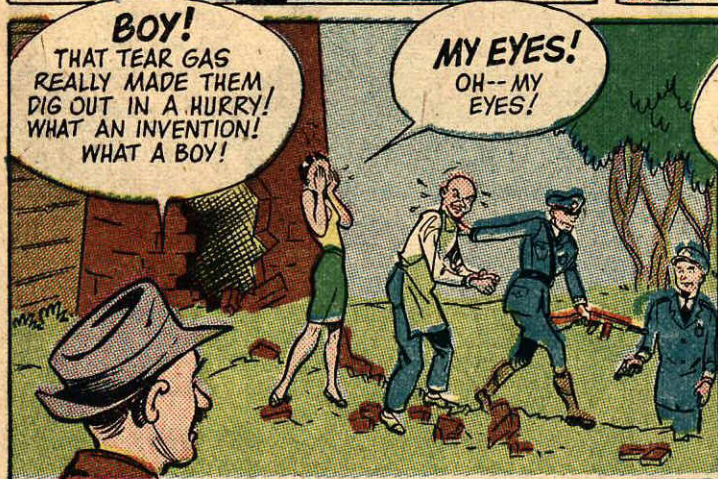
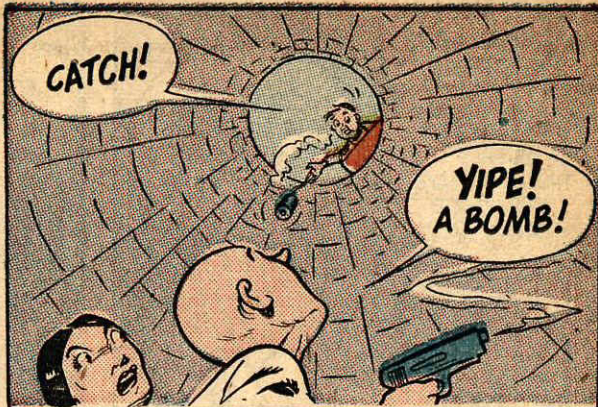
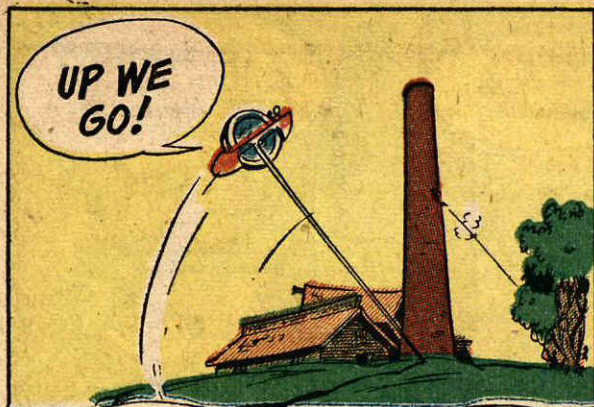


THERE THEY
ARE! LOOKOUT!
THEY'RE SHOOTING!

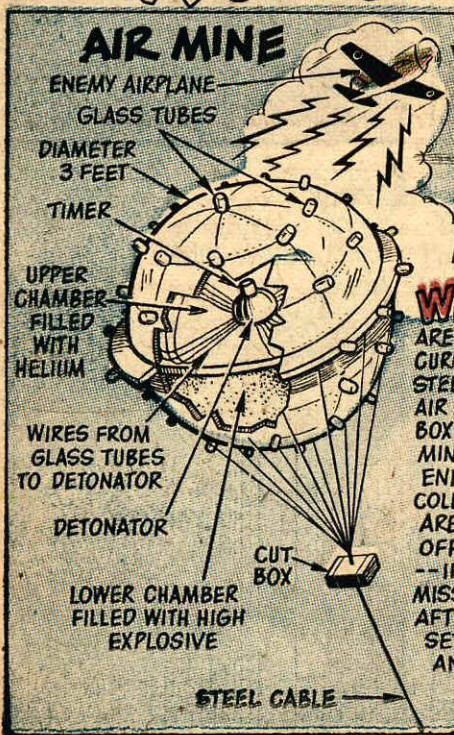
I DON'T THINK
THEY'VE SEEN US,
ZIP--- HURRY UP!

QUICK
ZIP!-- INTO THE
GYROCYCLE AND
BRING THE
TEAR-GAS
BOMBS!





Dickie Dean's INVENTION CONTEST



WINNER OF \$25 WAR BOND
HERBERT MACK JR.
BADGERS IS.
KITTERY, MAINE

WHEN ENEMY PLANES ARE OVERHEAD MAGNETIC CURRENT GOES THROUGH STEEL CABLE MAKING AIR MINE MAGNETIC. CUT BOX CUTS CABLE AND MINE IS ATTRACTED TO ENEMY PLANE. UPON COLLISION, GLASS TUBES ARE BROKEN, SETTING OFF HIGH EXPLOSIVE. -- IF MINE ACCIDENTLY MISSES TARGET, TIMER, AFTER ONE-HALF HOUR, SETS OFF DETONATOR AND MINE EXPLODES WITHOUT HARMING FRIENDLY PLANES.

EXTRA PRIZES OF \$5.00 TO

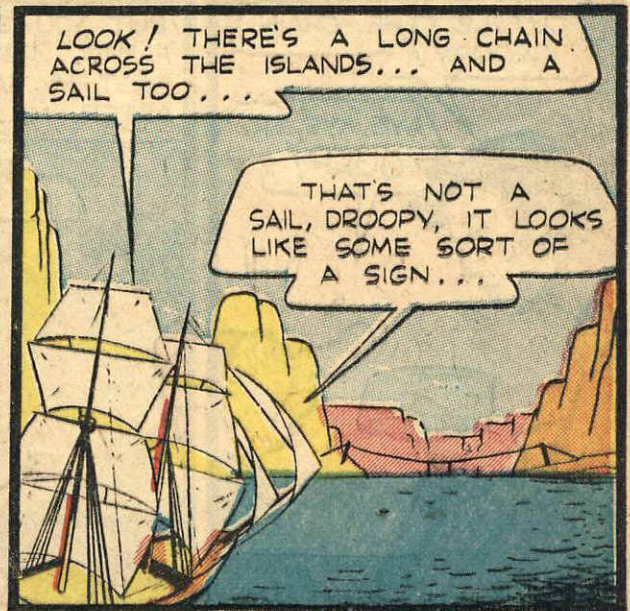
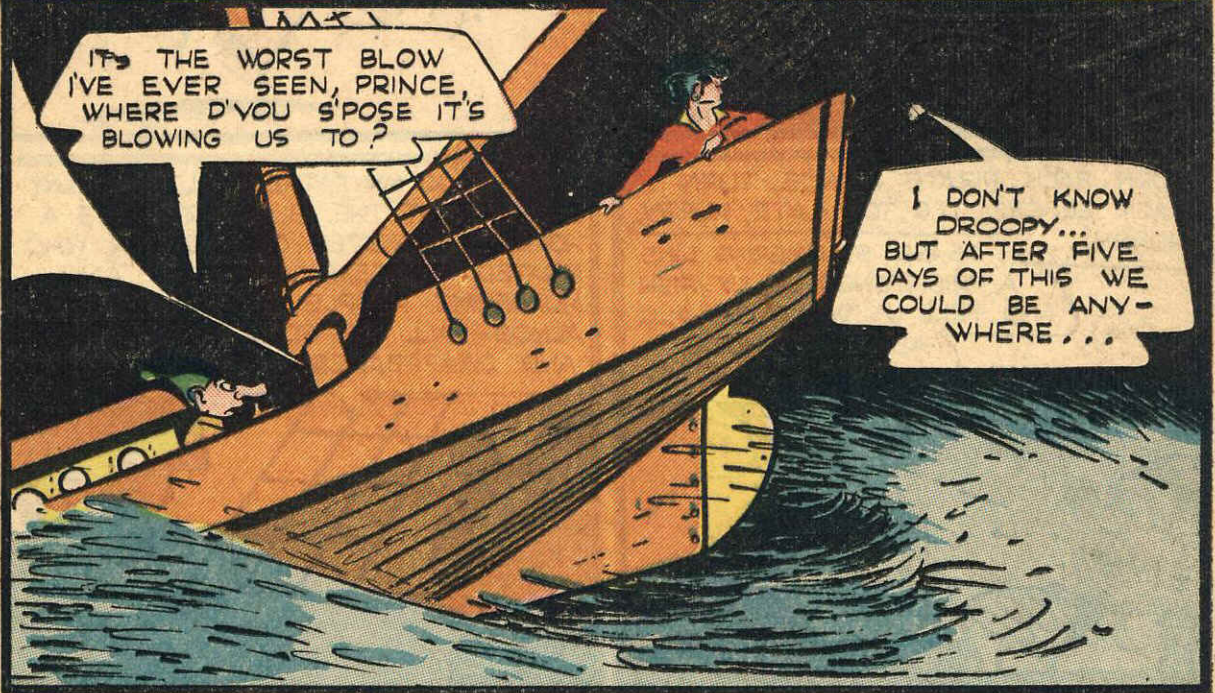
- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------|
| Jerry Sarff, 316 W. Howard St., Hibbing, Minn. | John Morris, 220 North Union St., Middletown, Penn. | James Korda, Cleveland, Ohio |
| Arthur Varharst, 3440A S. Jefferson City, St. Louis 18, Mo. | Nicholas Galella, 301 Saw Mill River Road, Yonkers, N. Y. | |

HONORABLE MENTION

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| Robert Trebor, Meriden, Conn. | Jim Nelson, Denver, Colo. | Dick Gaines, Rutland Hts., Mass. |
| Therold Golding, Brooklyn, N. Y. | Pete John Williams, Long Beach, Cal. | Louis Castagna, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| George Sheatz, West Lafayette, Ind. | Richard Wilson, Schaumburg, N. Y. | Jan Lach, New York, N. Y. |
| Philip Puschard, McKeesport, Pa. | Norman C. Nittler, Chicopee Falls, Mass. | Richard Lybraas, Massachusetts |
| Roger Salar, Los Angeles, Cal. | Ramsey Edward, Brazz, N. Y. | Herbert Gungar, Louisville, Kentucky |
| Bob Lathaw, Beach Grove, Ind. | Miles Holland, Middletown, Ohio | Norman McKuskie, New York, N. Y. |
| Tanya Williams, Joplin, Mo. | Marty Fisher, Brooklyn, N. Y. | Gene Duffies, Farmersville, Va. |
| Richard Zuckowski, Cleveland, Ohio | Howard Lawrence, San Francisco, Cal. | Joseph McDannell, Camden, N. J. |
| Dan Williams, Oak Park, Ill. | Richard Puckers, Omaha, Neb. | Donald Johnson, Detroit, Mich. |
| John Milones, Detroit, Mich. | Charles Dindiah, Chico, Mass. | Loretta & Louis Kuhn, Pleasant Unity, Pa. |
| Leon Banning, Glensbury, Conn. | Berry Danner, Allentown, Penn. | Anthony Guerra, Franklin, N. J. |
| Alan DePoncaas, Mt. Jewett, Pa. | Roland Gomez, Lyndbrook, N. Y. | Arthur Jackson, Newark, N. J. |
| David Mangum, Ridgefield Pt., N. J. | Gusson Wong, Stockton, Calif. | Frank Fine, Buffalo, N. Y. |
| Gilbert Beauchamp, Providence, R. I. | Eugene Smith, Vallejo, Calif. | Harry D. Berry, Bath, Me. |
| Simeon Siver, Red Dragon, W. Va. | Louis Delaparte, Brooklyn, N. Y. | Billy Fields & Martin Bremer, Louisville, Ky. |
| Paul Tucker, Boston, Mass. | Clinton Borden Davis, Wilmington, Mass. | |
| Edward Michels, Union City, Conn. | Russ Hartung, Omaha, Neb. | |

ZIP AND I ARE GRATEFUL AND APPRECIATIVE OF YOU AND OF THE OTHER INVENTIONS SENT IN! THANK--
Dickie Dean

PIRATE PRINCE

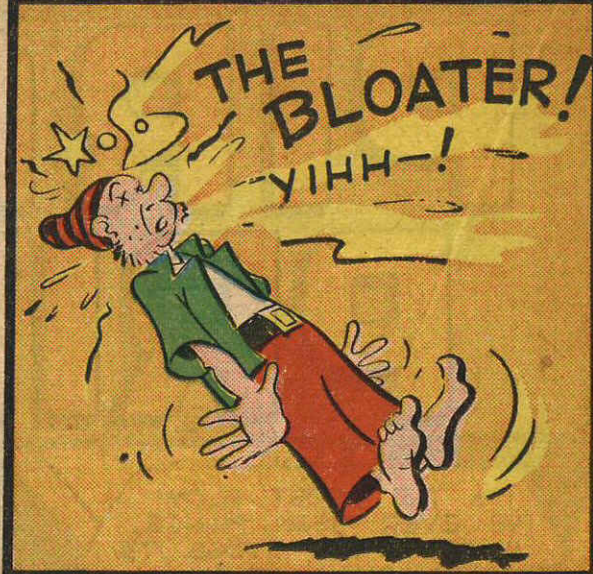


BR-R-R WHAT HAVE WE STUMBLLED INTO PRINCE...

THE BLOATER... THAT'S AN UGLY NAME WONDER WHO HE IS?

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT PRINCE?

STOP!
ALL WHO DROP ANCHOR HERE ARE DOOMED
BY ORDER OF -
THE BLOATER

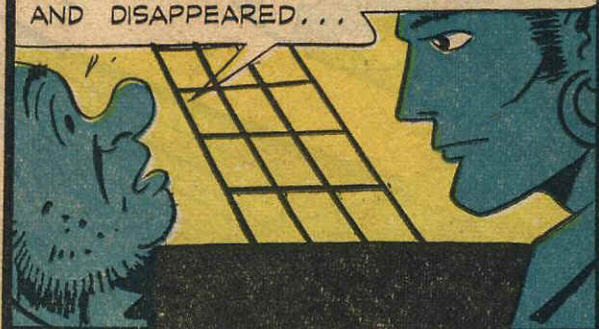


TURN BACK, PIRATE PRINCE, TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, HURRY, HURRY...

CEASE STAMMERING LIKE A FRIGHTENED JELLY FISH AND TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, JAUNDICE JOHN.



YEARS AGO MY FATHER TOLD ME MANY TIMES ABOUT THE BLOATER... HE'S A HORRIBLE MONSTER OF A DEMON WHO PIRATED THE SEAS... ROBBING AND MURDERING PEOPLE... FINALLY HE GOT ALMOST ALL THE GOLD THERE WAS AND DISAPPEARED...



SCUTTLE *THE CHAIN DROOPY!

AYE, AYE, SIR.
GULP!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, BLOATER HATES MY FAMILY... HE GOT MY GRANDFATHER J. JOHN THE FIRST, MY FATHER J. JOHN THE 2ND AND NOW HE'S AFTER ME...

RIDICULOUS! YOUR GRANDFATHER DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO... JAUNDICE...

THAT'S JUST IT, THE BLOATER IS HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, MY FAMILY HAS ALWAYS WARNED ME ABOUT HIM...

GO DOWN IN THE CABIN AND TASTE MY BRANDY WE'RE SAILING AHEAD...

AND SO THE PRINCE AND HIS CREW ENTER THE CHANNEL...

GOSH! LOOKIT THEM, PRINCE, GHOST SHIPS!

DROOPY WELL HAVE TO DROP ANCHOR HERE, I'M AFRAID THE CHANNEL IS TOO SHALLOW...



WE'RE AGROUND!!

WHOOOPS!

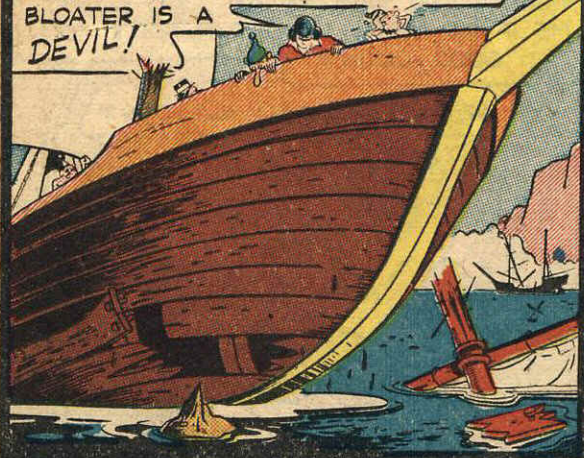
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU

CRASH!

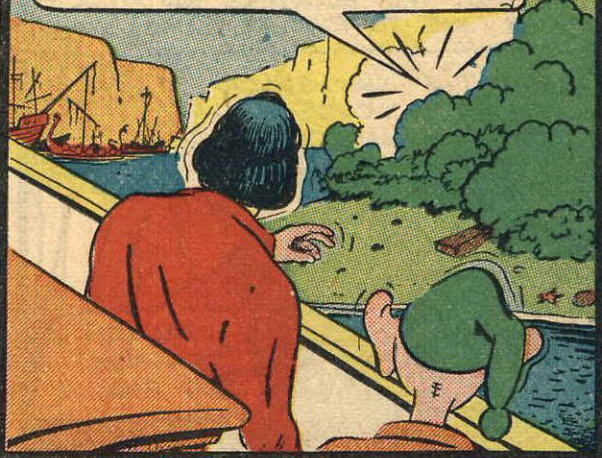
CRACK!



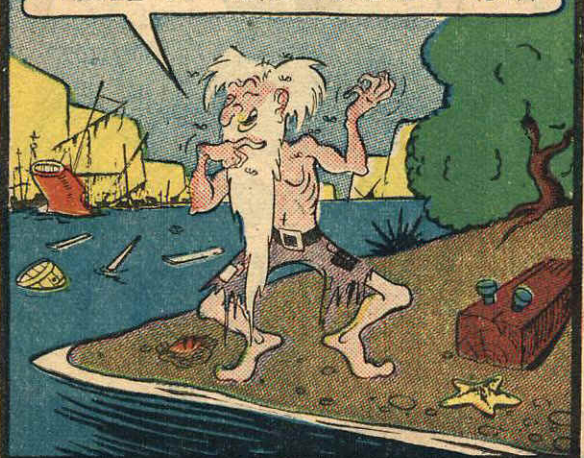
JAUNDICE JOHN MUST BE RIGHT—MAYBE HE ISN'T NUTTY! THAT BLOATER IS A DEVIL!



HA-HA-HA-HEE HEE HEE!



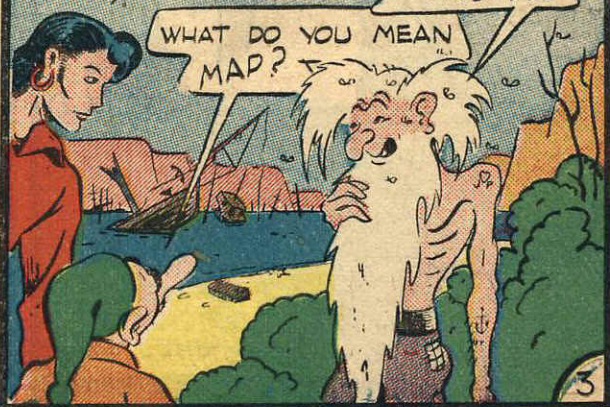
HO! HO! SO YOU GOT CAUGHT TOO! WELCOME! WELCOME!...WE'VE GOT LOTS OF COMPANY HERE.. HEE! HEE! BUT NOBODY CAN GO HOME, HA! HA! YOU'LL BE HERE FOREVER NOW!



HAS THE BLOATER CAUSED ALL THESE WRECKS?

HE CERTAINLY HAS, BUT DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET THE MAP OF THE CHANNEL FROM HIM.. HEE-HEE! WE ALL THOUGHT SO AT FIRST...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN MAP?



THERE'S ONE TWISTING CHANNEL TO FREEDOM HEE! HEE! BUT THE BLOATER HAS THE ONLY MAP, AND THE ONLY SEAWORTHY BOAT TOO... AND HE LIVES ON IT... BY THE WAY, IS JAUNDICE JOHN ON YOUR BOAT?



SO THAT'S JAUNDICE, TSK! TSK! TOO BAD, THE BLOATER'S WAITED A LONG TIME TO TORTURE HIM...

LEAD THE WAY, SAILOR- I WANT WORDS WITH THIS CHARACTER!



YOU DO? TSK-TSK! TOO BAD...

THAT IS THE ONLY SERVICEABLE BOAT, THE CHAP SAID WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIS ATTENTION, NOW LISTEN...



YEP-YEP! GOTCHA-YUH-UH... SURE.

SO LONG, SEE YOU LATER, DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME...



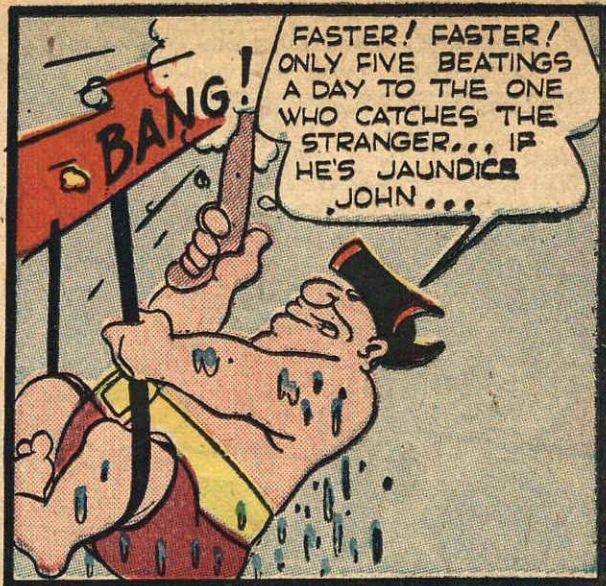
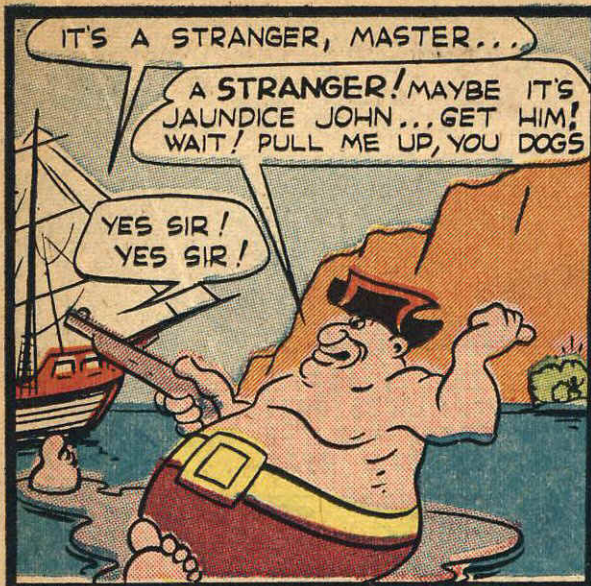
THERE HE IS READING ABOUT NERO AGAIN... I'VE GOT TO GO.. HE'D SHOOT ME IF HE KNEW I DIDN'T REPORT YOU.. GOOD LUCK!

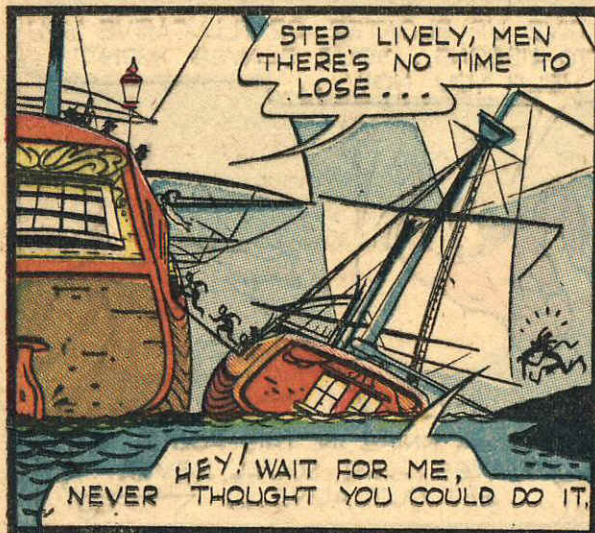
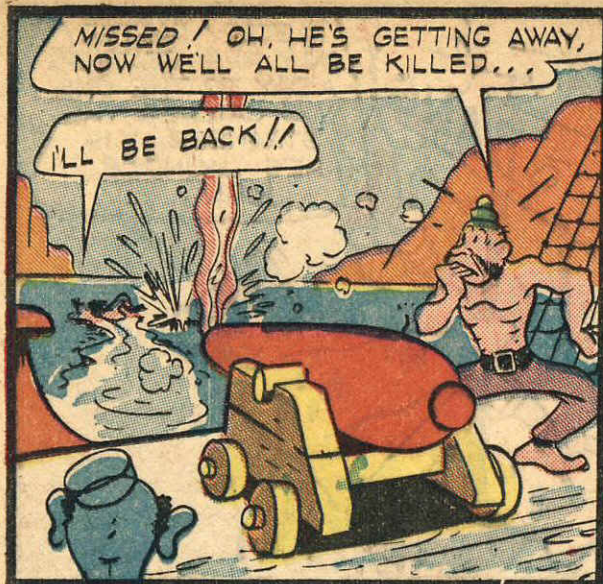
WE'LL FREE YOU ALL, DON'T WORRY...



HEY! BLOATER YOU'RE AN OLD STINKER... HEY!

YAH.. BLAH.. YAH! PH-H-H-T!





THE MYSTERY OF MUSKRAT LAKE

By DICK WOOD

CRIMEBUSTER plodded up the river bank, his wet mocassined feet making small imprints in the damp soil. At the top he dropped his heavy knapsack to the ground and took a deep breath. Conquering the Maine wilds was no child's play no matter what excellent condition one might be in. It had been hard going since he and Squeeks left Caribou and set out through the Maine woods toward Canada and the mysterious Muskrat Lake they were seeking—a lake that *Crimebuster* had good reason to believe held far more important things than the shiny animal pelts.

For months authorities had known that the notorious Royce Germain had some sort of a hideout near the Canadian border. They had, after precise investigation gotten it down to the approximate vicinity in the wilderness. They knew that some sort of autogiro was carrying Germain and his henchmen in and out of their wooded retreat. But that was as far as it went. No amount of aerial surveying revealed the slightest sign of the hideout. *Crimebuster* had studied the pictures carefully. Gone over them minutely for days and though there were many spots where an autogiro or helicopter might land, a little known pool of water called Muskrat Lake was ideal. It was by all means a gamble in the strictest sense of the word and even *Crimebuster* himself was not too confident of obtaining results. However, it would be a twofold excursion for any hike of that distance, though the Maine woods could also be looked on as a vacation trip.

Muskrat Lake had gotten its name over forty years ago when two trappers had stumbled on the small body of water and noticed numerous muskrats. Since then no one had been back due to its inaccessible location and had not *Crimebuster* luckily discov-

ered one of the trappers who gave him the trail as he remembered it from forty years back, it might have been a hopeless situation.

As *Crimebuster* closed his eyes under the starry sky that night, the brutal face of Royce Germain danced before him. What was this arch master of crime up to now? This Germain who had terrorized half the world with a thousand different rackets. The Germain who had flaunted his talents before the FBI and disappeared before their trap in South America could be sprung. It was no wonder that *Crimebuster* tossed restlessly in his sleeping bag that night, for on the morrow he would be within sight of Muskrat Lake and perhaps one of the most notorious killers the country had even seen.

It was just noon the next day when *Crimebuster* reached the top of the small mountain peak and shouted back to Squeeks scrambling up behind him.

"This is it, Squeeks," he called, bringing his field glasses up to his eyes, "Muskrat Lake should be right ahead!"

Straight ahead *Crimebuster* could see a small almost hidden pool of water. Dark pines cast their shadows bathing it in a deep oppressing gloom. Small wonder, *Crimebuster* thought, that the trappers had not wished to return here. With the crude map he had made from the guide's directions, he checked the location. Yes, this was Muskrat Lake alright. Just as it had been pictured to him.

With Squeeks on his shoulder, *Crimebuster* set out slowly through the woods ahead. A strange stillness seemed to fill the forest ahead and more than once *Crimebuster* caught himself looking back. That was silly. There was probably nothing but a soggy old pond ahead and Royce Germain, if in the woods at all, was most likely miles away.

Squeeks was about fifty yards from the lake's edge when it happened. Something twanged under his legs and he leaped into a tree squeaking loudly. *Crimebuster* bent down quickly and caught his breath. A small signal wire that ran carefully concealed under the leaves and bushes was what Squeeks had struck. A short whistle brought Squeeks to his shoulder and he sped ahead rapidly. A signal wire. Then someone was hiding out here. Someone who at this very minute knew of their presence. Ahead a small grove of bushes offered protection and *Crimebuster* headed for them. He was almost there when suddenly he heard Squeeks' shrill cry of fear in his ear and the earth seemed to come up and envelop him.

Minutes later a dazed and bruised *Crimebuster* shook his head and opened his eyes. He was in a great pit many feet deep and up above at the opening Squeeks was dancing frantically about attempting to attract his attention. Half-way to his feet *Crimebuster* suddenly saw Squeeks wave both his little hands in a warning and then disappear. A moment later the knarled weatherbeaten face of a man long aged in the woods appeared above him.

"What are you doing out here, feller?" the gruff voice said.

"I'm just out camping. What the devil have you got here—a lion pit! Get me out!"

The man grunted and vanished only to return a moment later and cast a long thick rope down to *Crimebuster*. His right hand held a colt revolver as he motioned to *Crimebuster*.

"The rope is tied to a tree. Start climbing and no monkey-shines. I got a blasted good eye and a gun to go with it."

Crimebuster had just reached the edge of the pit when Squeeks sprang. His small brown body plunged down from the tree tops straight for the gun arm of the watchman. As strong paws drew screams of pain from the man's throat *Crimebuster* clasped a brown hand across his mouth and dragged him to the ground. In a moment it was all over and *Crimebuster* reached over to roll the guard into the pit. Suddenly he stopped and hurriedly began stripping the man of his clothing. A mad man that would protect himself this much in the wilderness of Maine would stop at nothing. Surely there would be other guards and other traps.

Carefully the youth and his monkey crept

down to the water's edge where they could see a row-boat had been run hastily up on shore. The guards, *Crimebuster* thought, and boldly he stepped into the boat keeping Squeeks well hidden in the bow. Across the lake, a dark condensed section of trees revealed the outlines of a structure behind it. *Crimebuster* started rowing. The open stretch of water was only about forty yards but he would be well in the open. Ten yards . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . he rowed. Then suddenly he saw it. In the very center of the lake, partially hidden by a half submerged island, stood Royce Germain and his autogiro. He was perched in the cockpit, a rifle aimed straight at *Crimebuster*. His voice bellowed across the water.

"What in blazes was it, Green?"

Crimebuster swallowed hard. "Just another animal," he shouted back in a disguised voice.

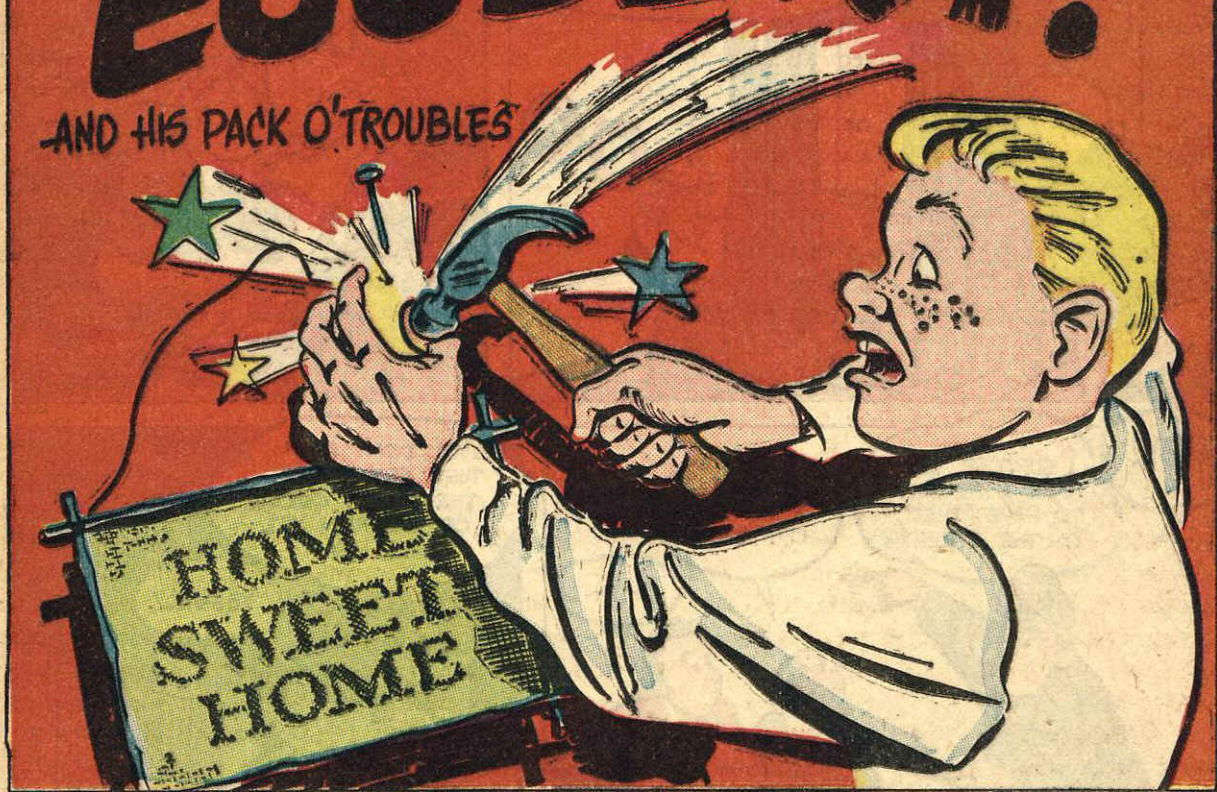
Germain grunted and started out of the cockpit. At the same moment, *Crimebuster* put extra power into his strokes. This was the showdown. Once Germain reached shore the show would be over. Other stooges would have him finished in no time. Closer, closer he came to the plane. Germain was stepping into his small skiff now, preparing to row back to shore and his mysterious hideout snuggled in the cluster of trees. He was almost alongside when Germain swung about. A question started to form on his lips and died. His seasoned criminal eyes had seen through *Crimebuster's* disguise at a glance. A wild roar of rage tore from his lips and he threw his body across the intervening space between the two boats. Caught off balance *Crimebuster* rolled with him. One strong foot shot up and sank deep into the hard muscles of the killer's stomach. Plunging backwards *Crimebuster* watched Germain's face go over the side into the water, an expression of mingled surprise and fear on it. Two minutes later, he lifted the heavy carcass back and pumped the water from its lungs.

Several hours later authorities at the Canadian airfield clustered about *Crimebuster* and his captive in the camouflaged autogiro.

"But what in the world was he doing out there," one of them finally asked. *Crimebuster* smiled. "Believe it or not he was hiding out his wealth, gentlemen." Hidden away practically invisible at a hundred feet, Germain had built himself a vault for the millions he had stolen. The biggest job will be seeing that it all returns to where it belongs.

MEET EGGBERT!

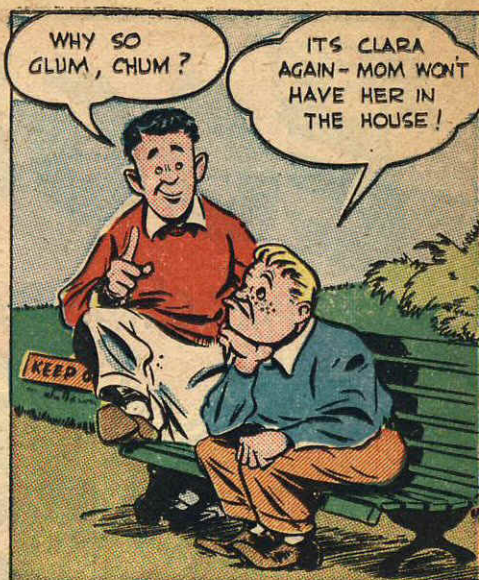
AND HIS PACK O' TROUBLES





AW, MOM!
HAVE A HEART!
I'LL BE

I'M SORRY, EGGBERT,
BESIDES, YOUR BROTHER
IN NEW GUINEA
NEVER SHOULD HAVE
SENT IT TO YOU!



WHY SO
GLUM, CHUM?

IT'S CLARA
AGAIN - MOM WON'T
HAVE HER IN
THE HOUSE!



AHEM!

I SUPPOSE YOU
HAVE A PERMIT
TO HAVE "THAT"
ON THE STREET?

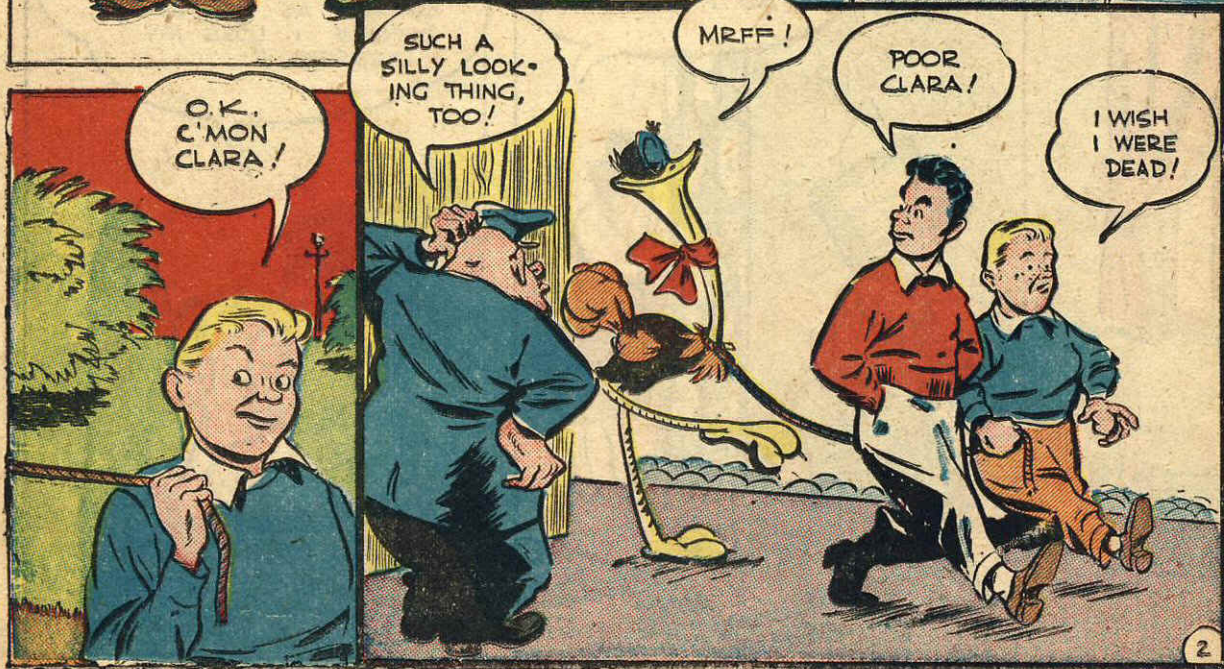
GOLLY!
I DON'T,
OFFICER!

OH, OH!



YOU DON'T EH?
THEN GET IT OFF
THE STREET QUICKLY
OR I'LL RUN YEZ
ALL IN!

YESSIR!



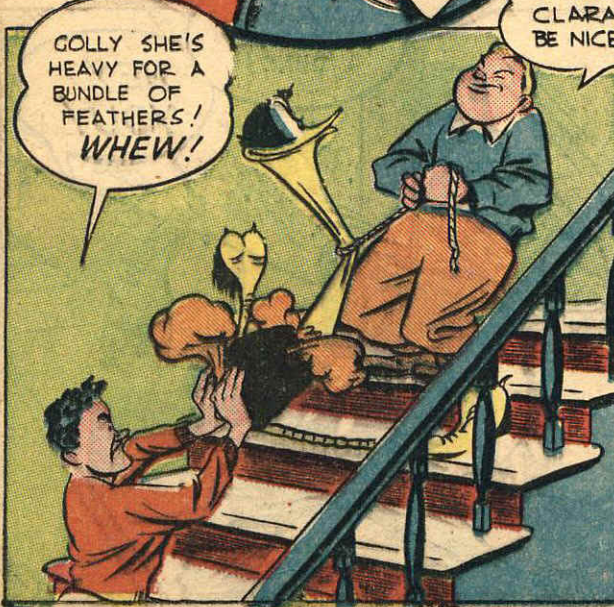
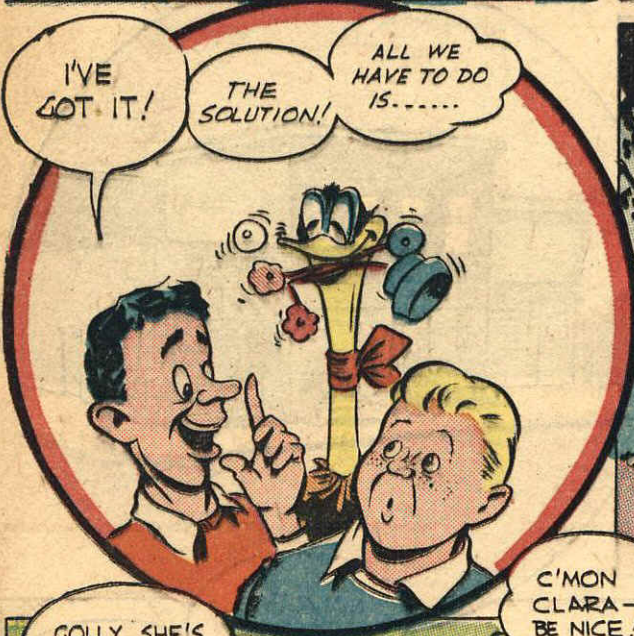
O.K.
C'MON
CLARA!

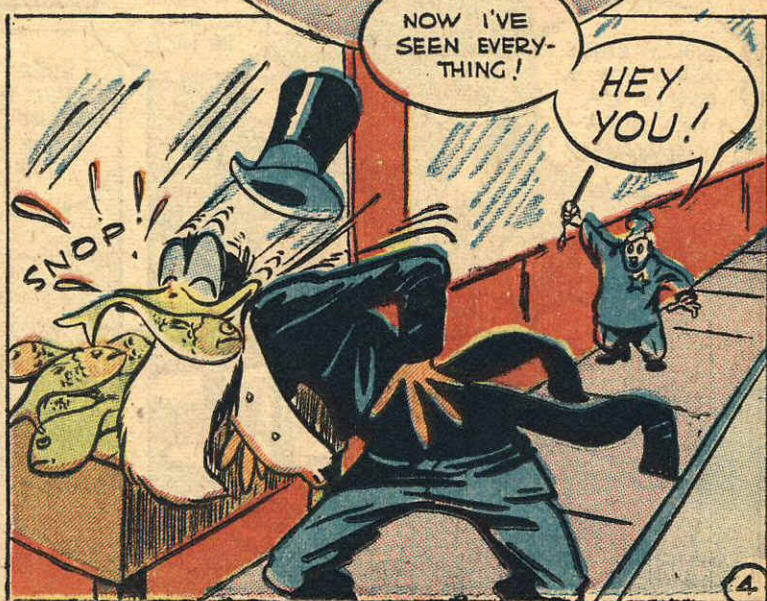
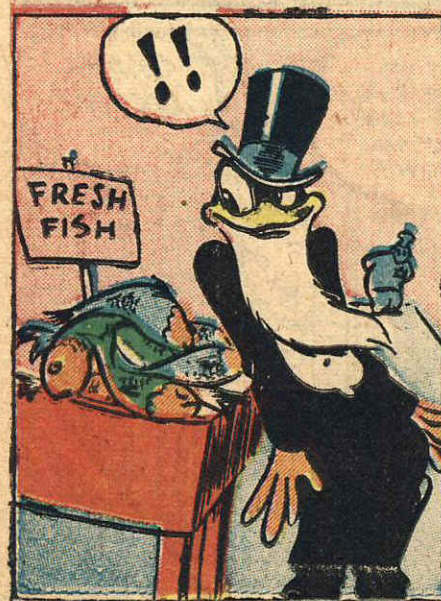
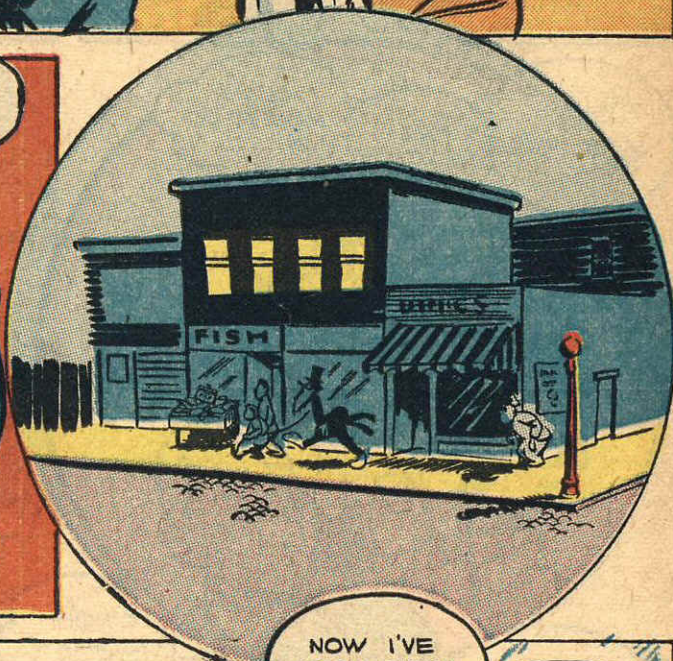
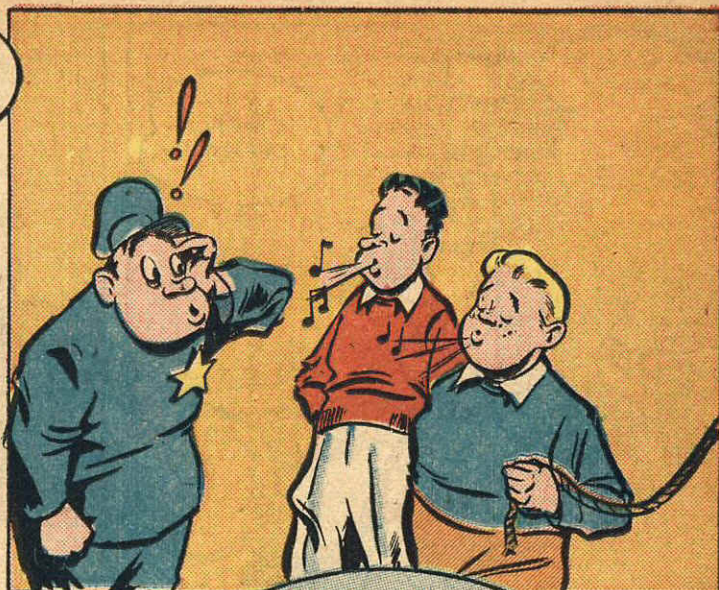
SUCH A
SILLY LOOK-
ING THING,
TOO!

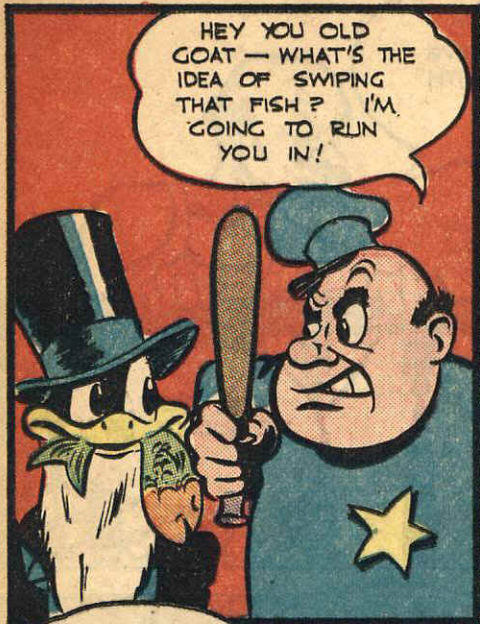
MRFF!

POOR
CLARA!

I WISH
I WERE
DEAD!



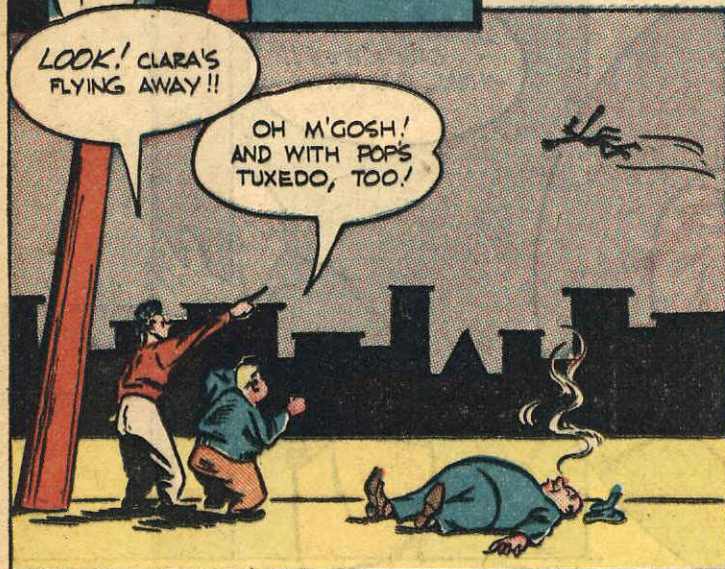




HEY YOU OLD GOAT — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPING THAT FISH? I'M GOING TO RUN YOU IN!



WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT THE... HEY!



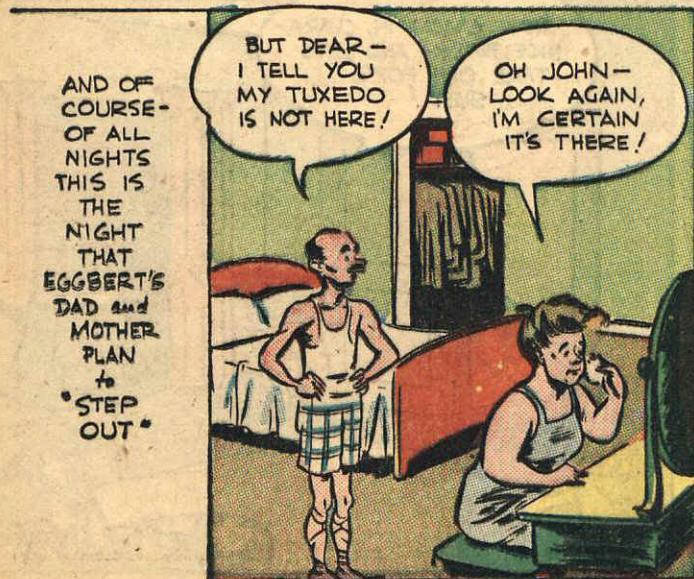
LOOK! CLARA'S FLYING AWAY!!

OH M'GOSH! AND WITH POP'S TUXEDO, TOO!



NOW WHAT WILL WE DO?

I DUNNO — IT'S YOUR BIRD, YOUR TUXEDO, AND YOUR PROBLEM!



AND OF COURSE — OF ALL NIGHTS THIS IS THE NIGHT THAT EGGBERT'S DAD AND MOTHER PLAN TO "STEP OUT"

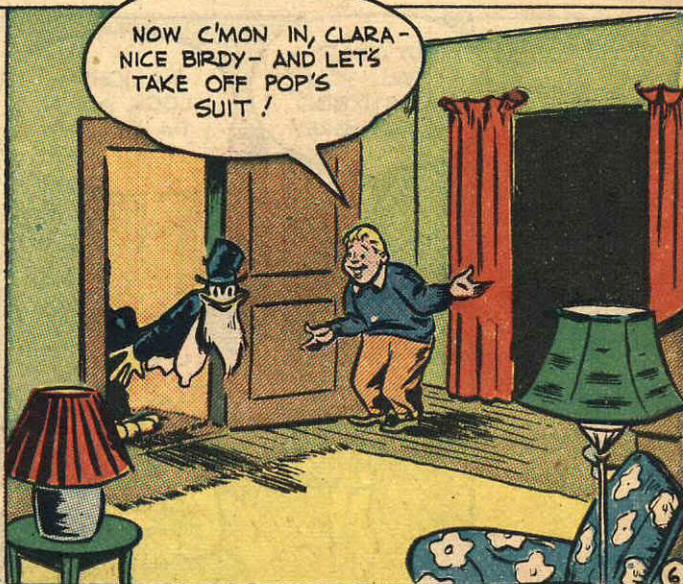
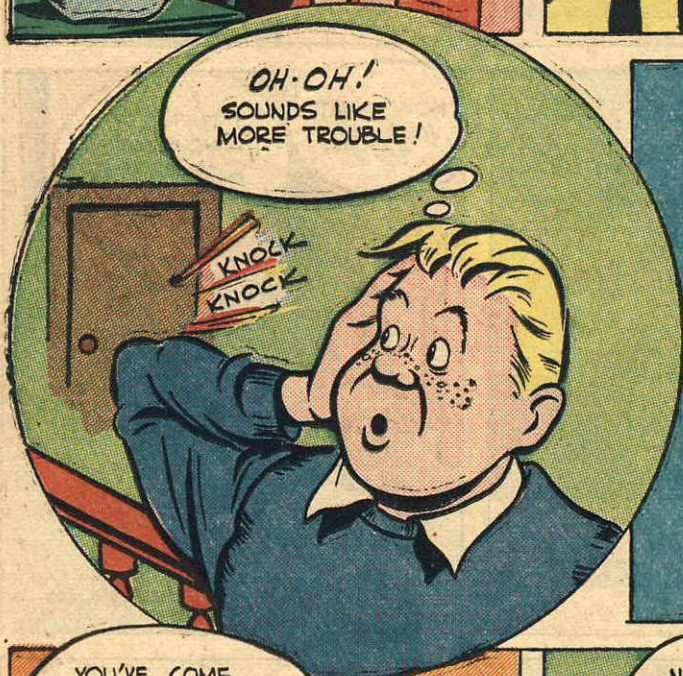
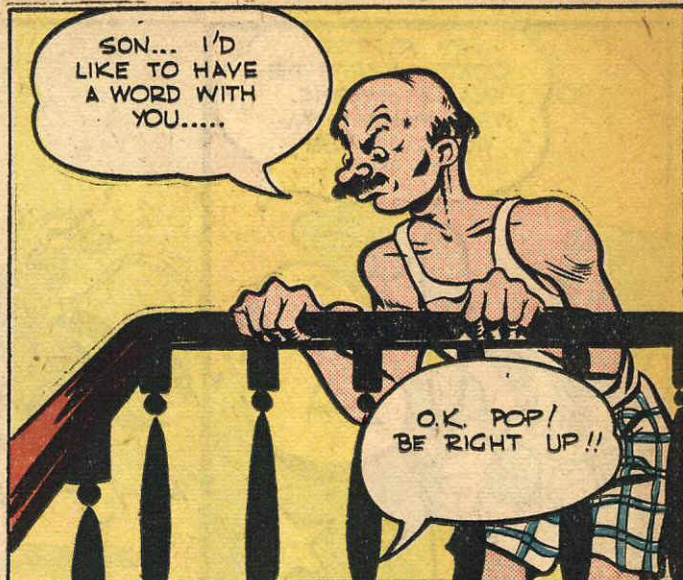
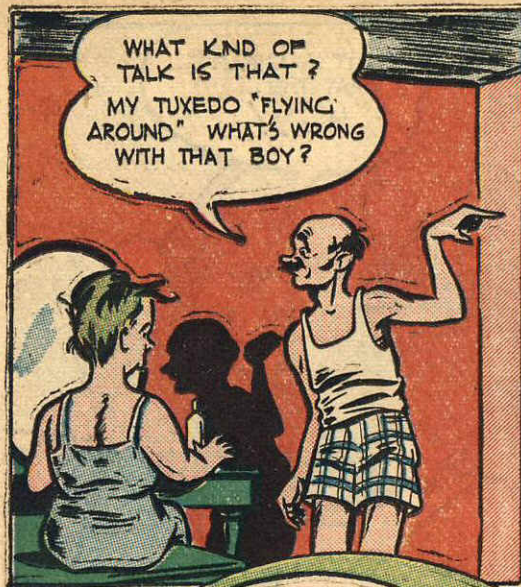
BUT DEAR — I TELL YOU MY TUXEDO IS NOT HERE!

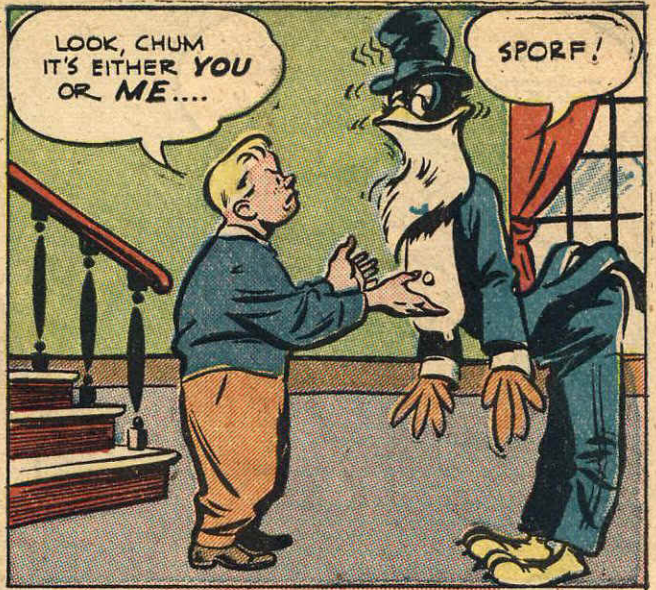
OH JOHN — LOOK AGAIN, I'M CERTAIN IT'S THERE!

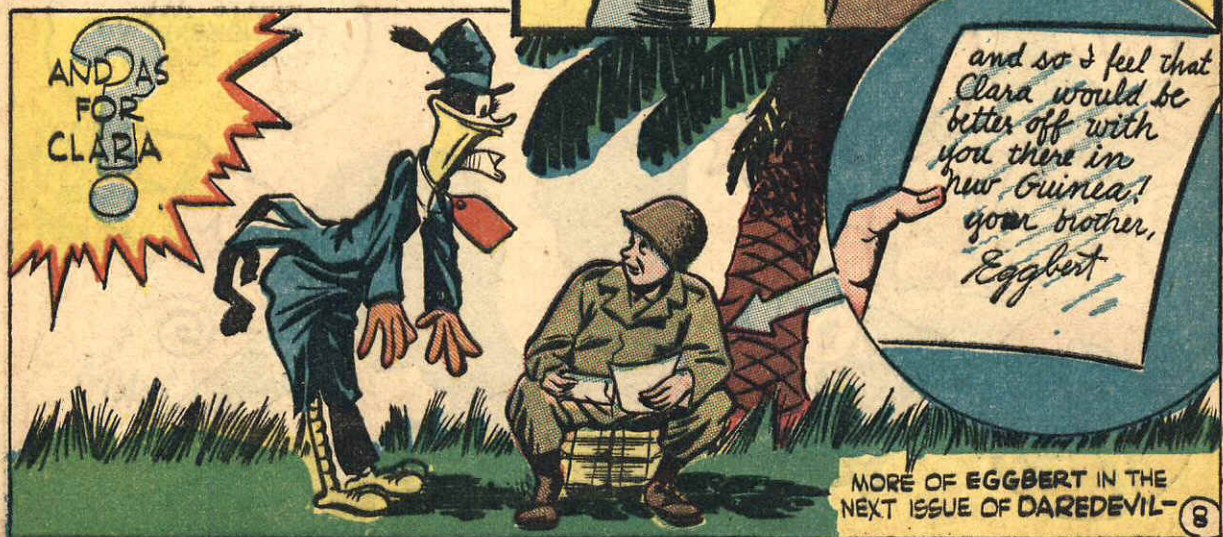
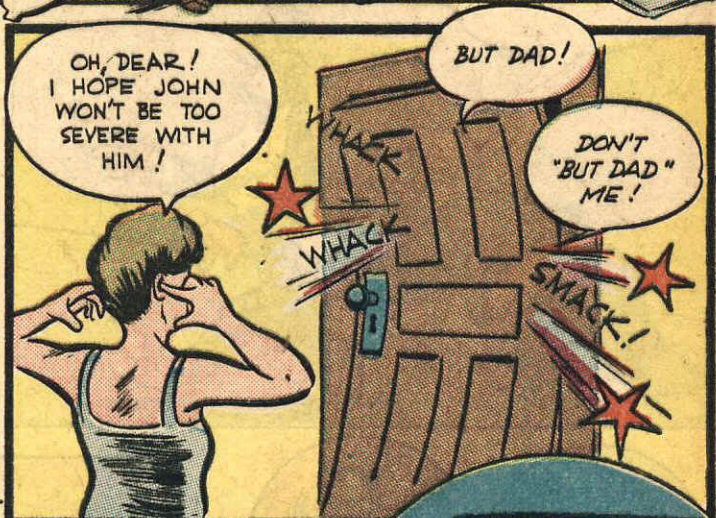
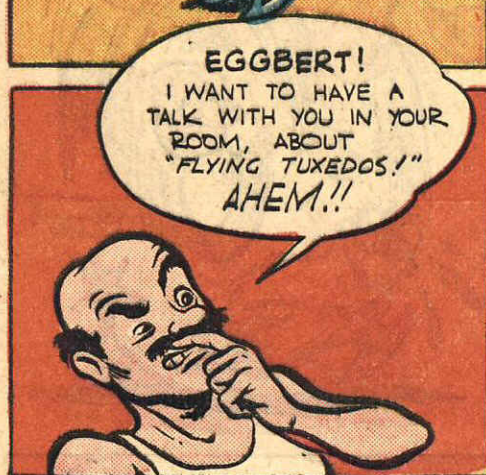
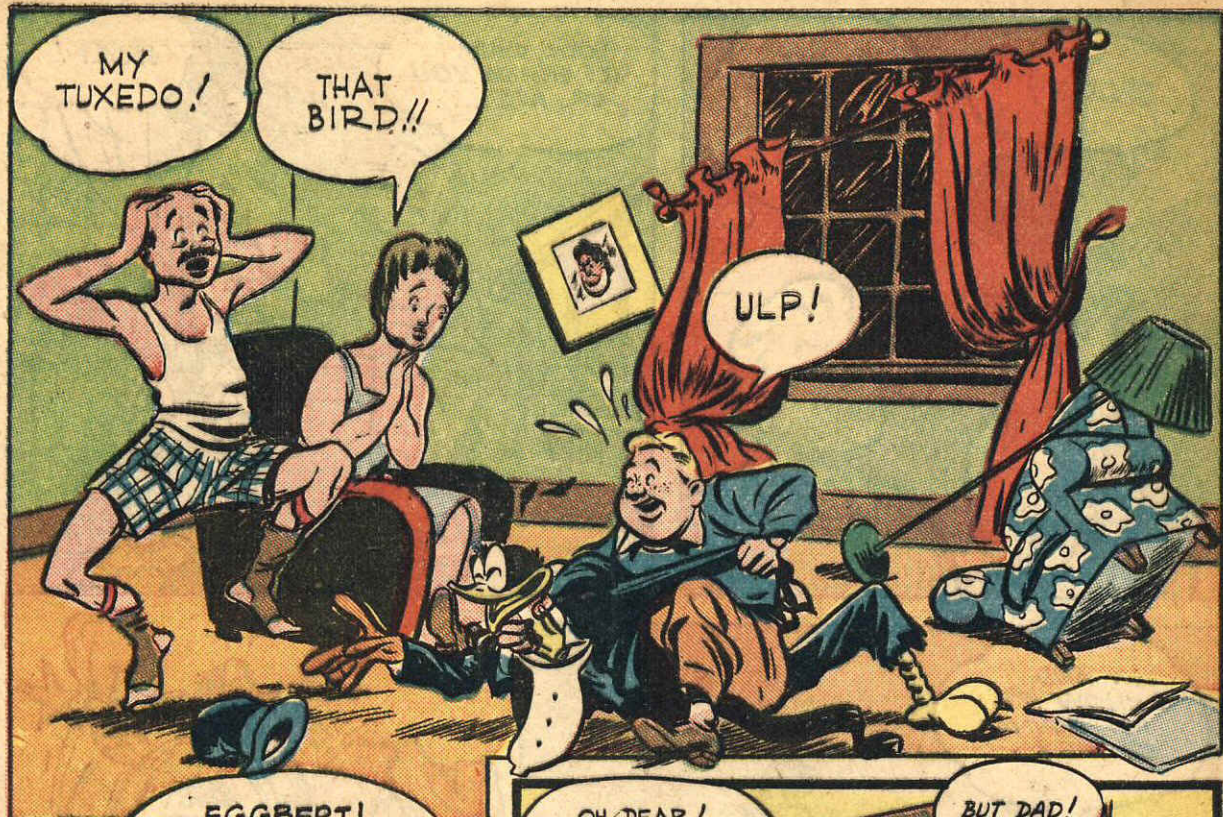


IS THAT YOU EGGBERT HAVE YOU BY CHANCE SEEN DAD'S TUXEDO ABOUT ANYWHERE?

ER...NO! BY THIS TIME IT MIGHT BE FLYING... UH...ER I MEAN LOST MOST ANYWHERE!

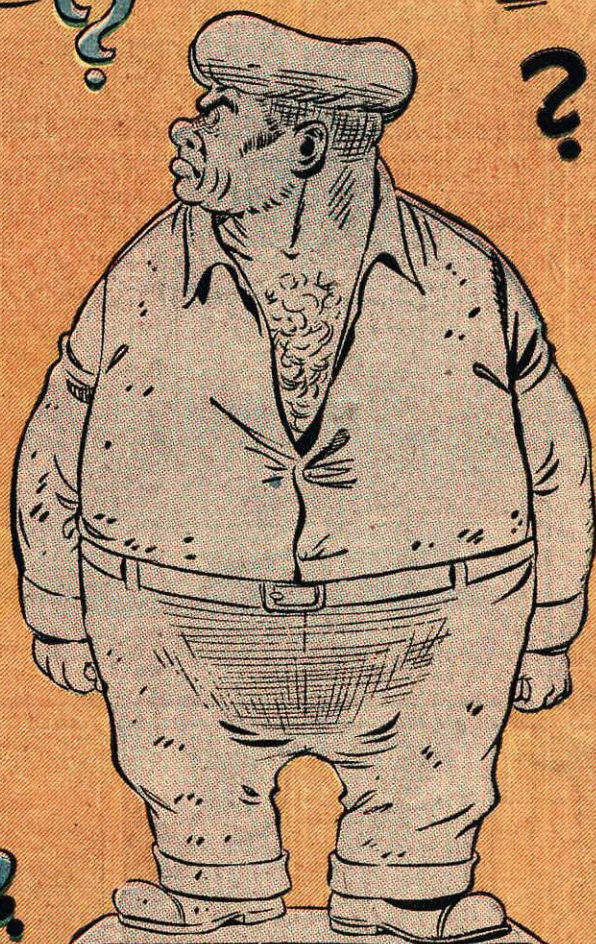






SNIFFER

by
CARL
HUBBELL



IN MEMORY
OF
SNIFFER

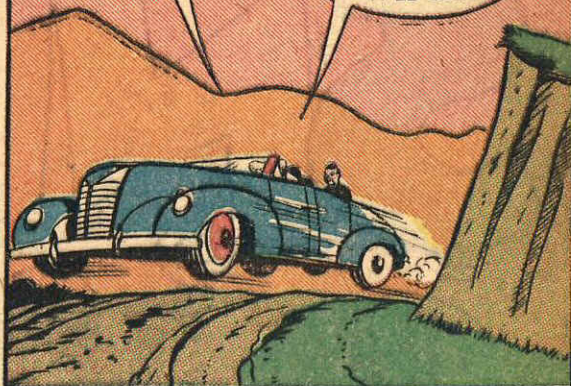
DA COUNTRY ALWAYS DE-
PRESSES ME, SNIFFER! IT'S
SO UNNATCHEREL! JEST
TREES AN' MOUNTAINS!

IT AIN'T SO DEPRESSIN' AS
LOOKIN' OUT THROUGH BARS!
AN' DAT'S WHAT WOULD
HAPPENED IF WE STUCK
AROUND TOWN AFTER
DAT LAST JOB!



BUT IF WE GOTTA
HIDE OUT, HOW COME
YA PICKED GECH A
DISMAL JOINT AS
DA COUNTRY?
UGH!

DA COPS'LL **NEVER**
THINK OF LOOKIN' FER
US HERE! AN' BESIDES
I GOTTA WONDERFUL
JOINT PICKED OUT!
WHATT A SURPRISE
IT'LL BE!

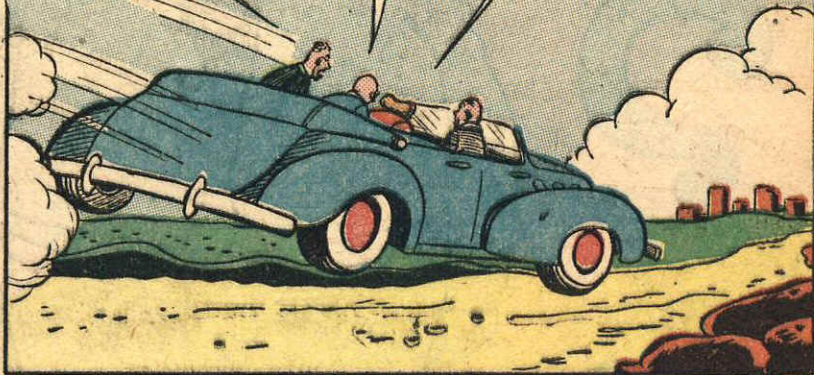


I WON'T KEEP YA GUESSIN'!
WE'RE GONNA VISIT ME OLD
PAW! HIM AN' YOU MUGS WILL
GET ALONG SWELL! HE USED
TA BE DA BEST COUNTERFEITER
IN DA EAST!

LEAVE ME OUT
HERE! I CAN'T
IMAGINE NUTTIN'
WOISE DAN MEETIN'
YOUR OL'
MAN!

I DON'T LIKE
MEETIN' NOBODY'S
RELATIONS! YA MEAN
WE GOTTA HIDE OUT
WIT' YOUR POP!
PHOOEY!

AW RELAX, YA JOIKS! YOU'LL
GET ALONG OKAY! HE MAY
EVEN GIVE YA SOME SAMPLES
OF HIS WOIK! DERE'S DA
TOWN NOW—CHISELVILLE!



IT'S AGIN ME
BETTER JUDGE-
MENT, BUT ANY
OLD PORT IN
A STORM!

AW,
SHUDDUP!

HI, PAW!
REMEMBER
ME?

GREAT
GUNS!
Y..YOU!

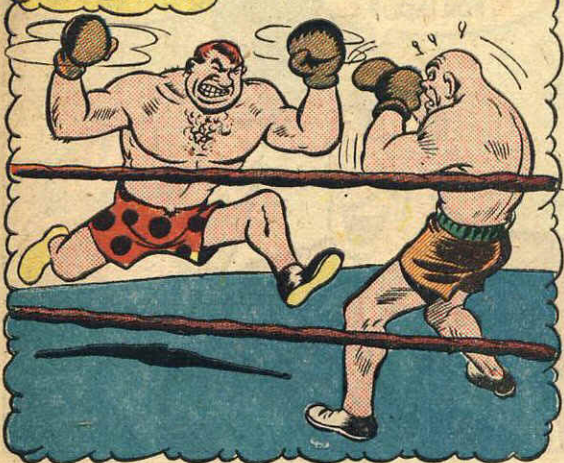
WE COME TA
HIDE OUT FER A
WEEK OR TWO
'TIL — **HEY!!**
GOIN' SOME
PLACE?

ER..ER..AS
A MATTER OF
FACT, I WAS JEST
COMIN' TA
LIVE WID
YOU!

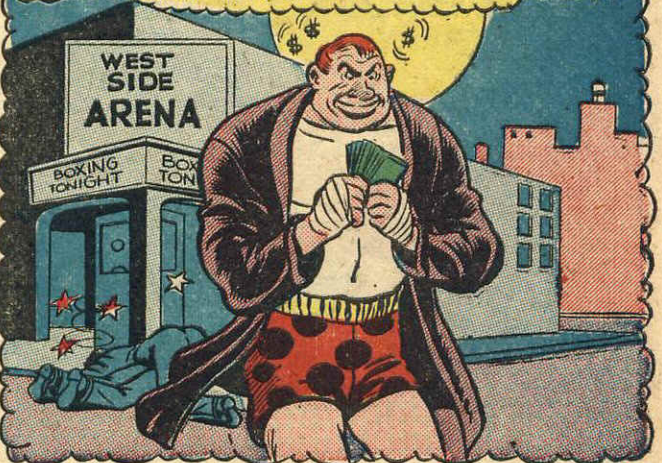




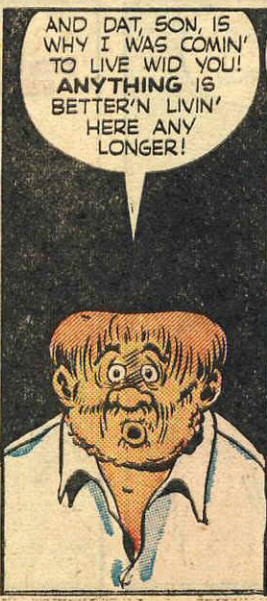
"DA NIGHT OF DA FIGHT O'SLUGG COME TEARIN' OUT OF HIS CORNER WID A FEARFUL BELLOW! DA CHAMP LOOKED SOMEWHAT NERVOUS! SO DID EVERYBODY WHO HAD BET ON HIM!"



"O'SLUGG NOT ONLY KNOCKED OUT DA CHAMP WID ONE PUNCH, BUT ALSO HIS MANAGER, DA REFEREE, SEVERAL SPECTATORS, AN' DA CASHIER, TAKIN' ALL DA DOUGH! HE SEEMED TO HAVE WENT SLIGHTLY BERSERK!"

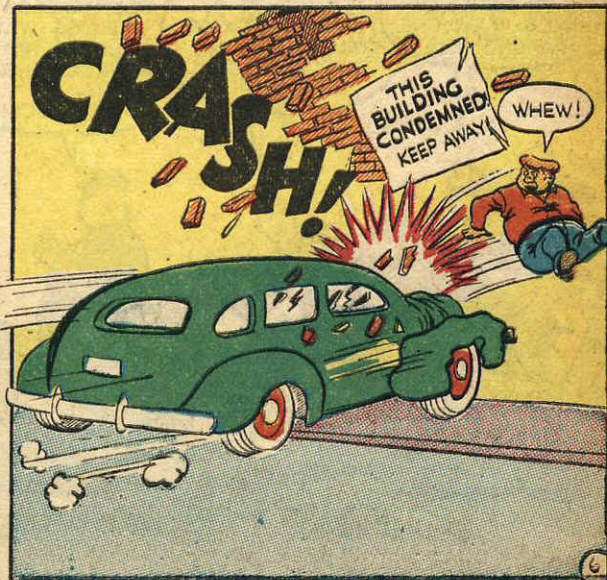
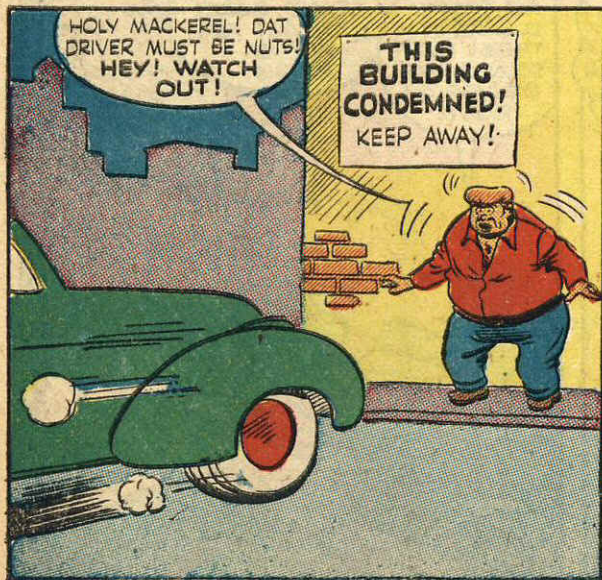
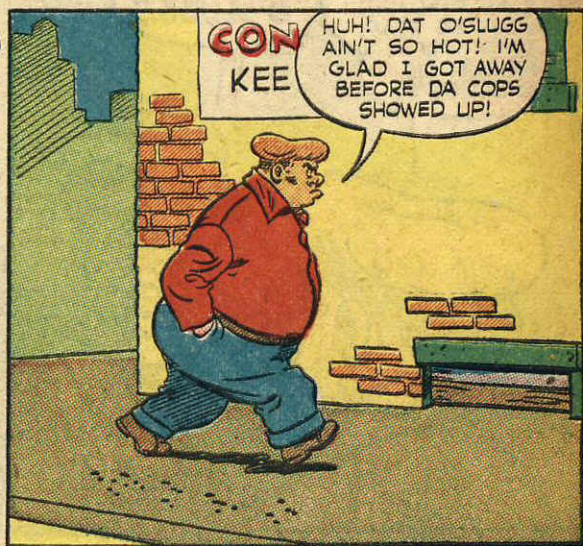


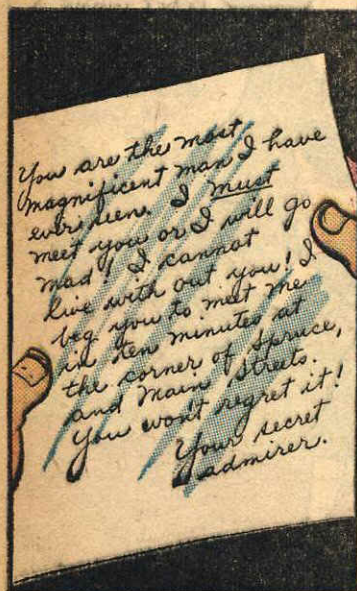
"SINCE HE COULD LICK ANY MAN AROUND HE'S BEEN RUNNIN' DA TOWN EVER SINCE AN' HIS WORD IS LAW! AIN'T NOBODY HERE THAT AIN'T SCARED TA DEATH OF BOSS O'SLUGG!"

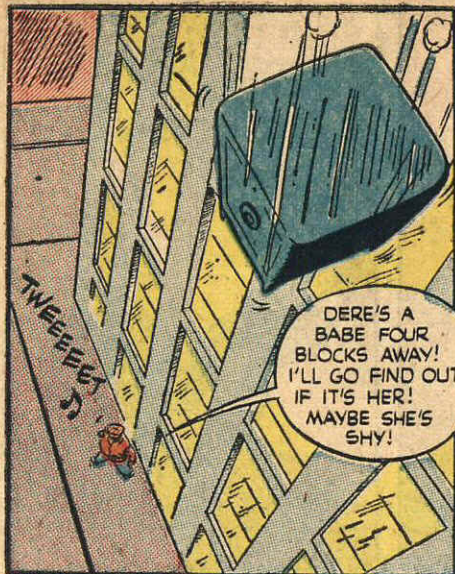








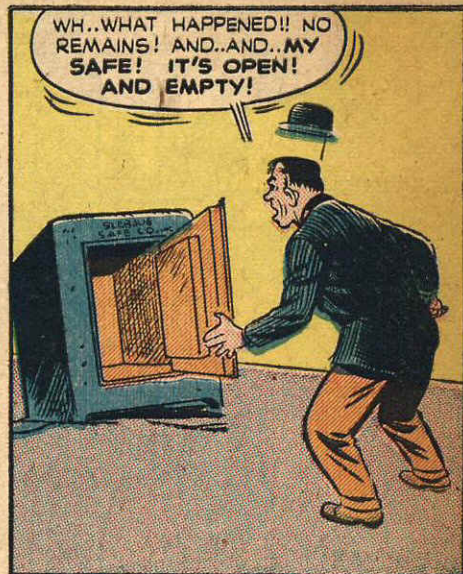




DERE'S A
BABE FOUR
BLOCKS AWAY!
I'LL GO FIND OUT
IF IT'S HER!
MAYBE SHE'S
SHY!



NOW TO STROLL
OUT NONCHALANTLY
AND VIEW THE
MANGLED
REMAINS!



WH..WHAT HAPPENED!! NO
REMAINS! AND..AND..MY
SAFE! IT'S OPEN!
AND EMPTY!

CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYBODY
WOULD THROW AWAY A PERFECTLY
GOOD SAFE! ESPECIALLY
WID CLOSE TO TWENTY
GRAND IN IT! BUT...

OH-
BOO HOO
HOO!



PARDON ME
BUTTIN' IN, SIS,
BUT CAN I DO
ANYTHING?

N.NO! THERE'S NOTHING ANY-
BODY CAN DO! IT'S JUST THAT
M..MR. O'SLUGG WILL COLLECT
HIS WEEKLY TAXES TODAY
AND WE ARE SO POOR!



W.WE HAVE TO PAY O'SLUGG
NEARLY AS MUCH AS MY POOR
FATHER MAKES FROM HIS JOB
IN THE SEWER, AND MOTHER
IS SICK AND...OH, IT'S
SO HOPELESS!

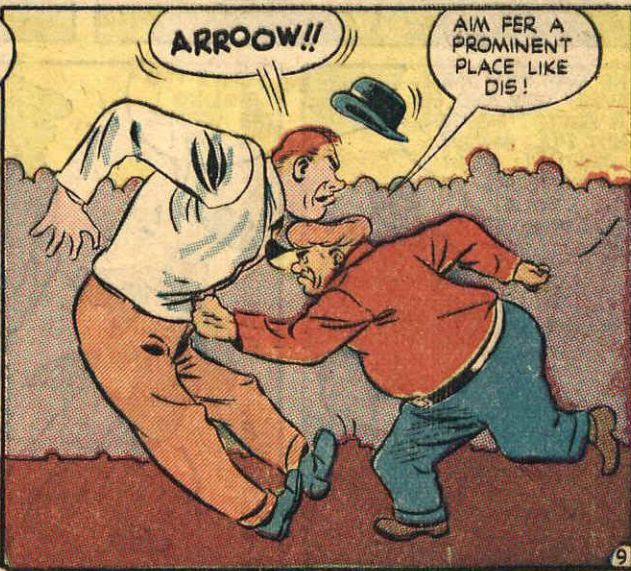
O'SLUGG AGAIN,
HUH? WELL, I THINK
I CAN HELP OUT A
LITTLE, BABE, IF
DAT'S WHAT'S
'BODDERIN'
YA!

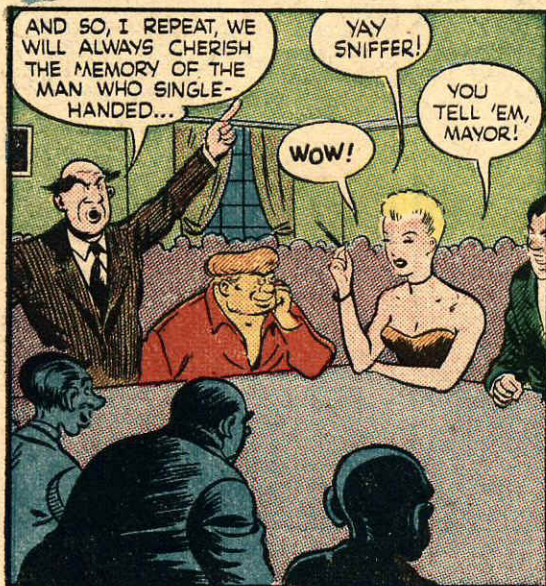
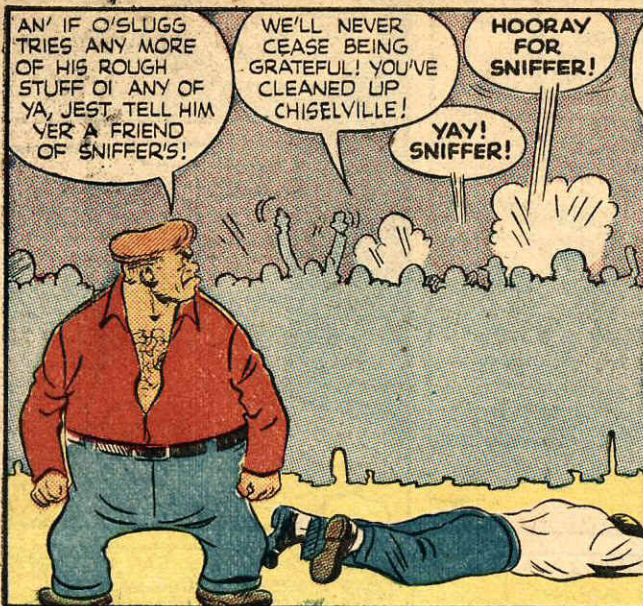


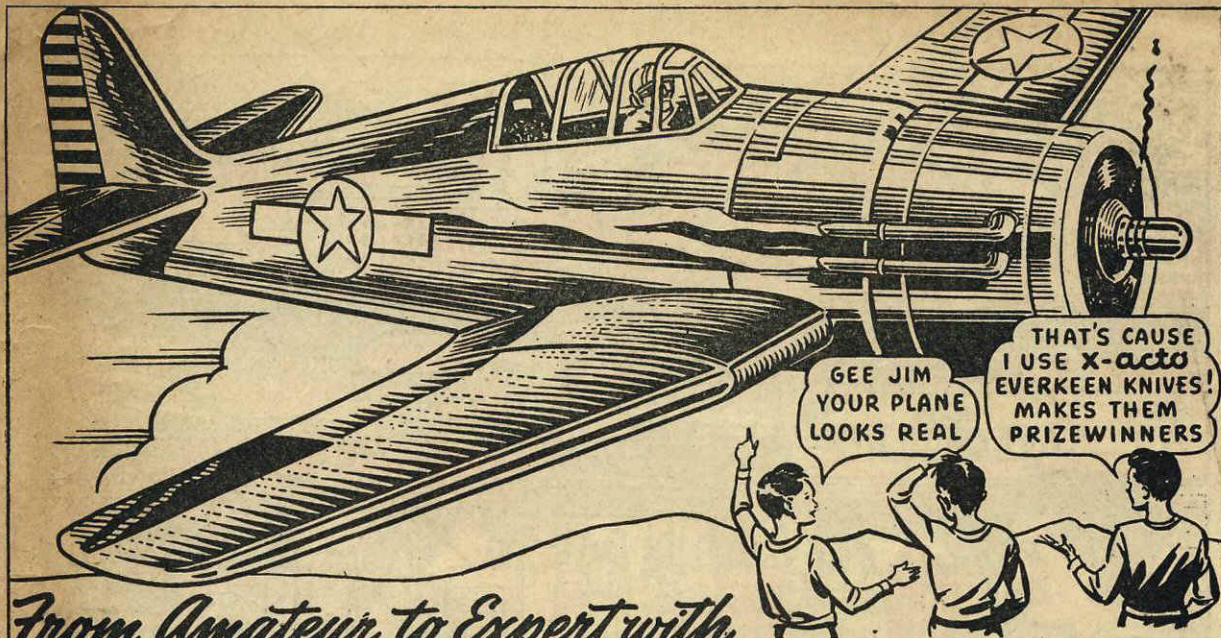
B.BUT I
C.CAN'T TAKE
ALL THIS
MONEY!

DON'T GIMME
NO ARGUMENT!
I GOT MORE
IMPORTANT
BUSINESS TA
TAKE CARE
OF!









GEE JIM
YOUR PLANE
LOOKS REAL

THAT'S CAUSE
I USE X-acto
EVERKEEN KNIVES!
MAKES THEM
PRIZEWINNERS

From Amateur to Expert with

X-acto

THE PERFECT KNIFE FOR A PERFECT JOB

MANGEABLE BLADES KEEP YOUR KNIFE SHARP

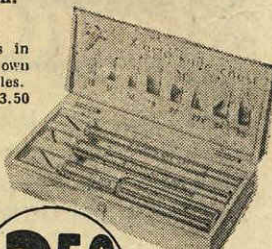
X-ACTO NO. 1 with blade — accommodates blades 10, 11, 16. For light and medium work. (No. 51 Set—No. 1 handle with 5 extra blades—\$1.00)

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**2
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New York 16, N. Y.

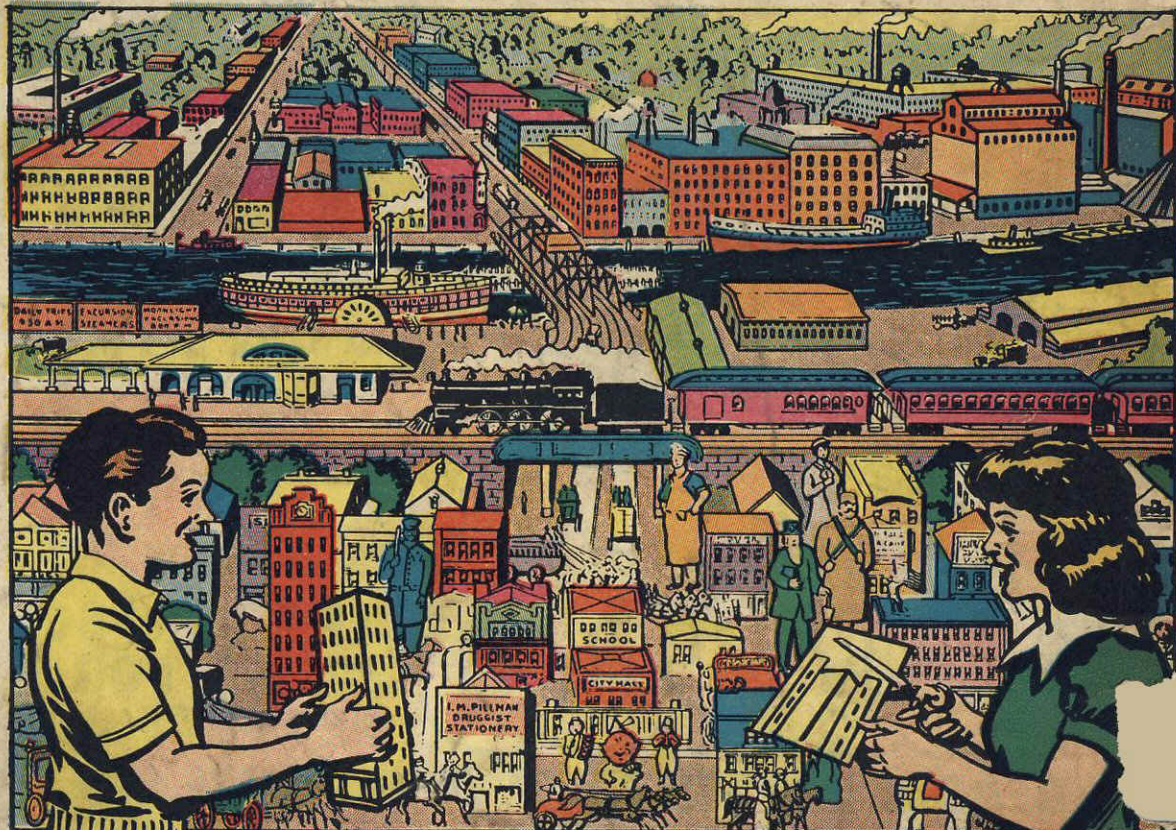
Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.
☐ I will pay postman \$..... plus postage on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment.
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82—\$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 83—\$5.00
☐ Kit No. 62—\$2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy)—with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00. (No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00).

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Store
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Furniture
Store
Dept. Store
Grocery
Hotel
Post Office
Hardware
Store
Shoe Store
Laundry
Butcher Shop
Drug Store
Bakery

Paint Store
Engine House
Opera House
View of City
Street Plan
Boy
Girl
GIANTS
Police Chief
Fire Chief
Baker
Butcher
Professor
Sailor
Organ
Grinder
Chinaman
Mrs. Dough
Mr. Bull
CIRCUS
Herald
Band Wagon
Hippo
Lion Wagon
Elephants
Baby
Elephants
Giraffe

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Rider
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Camels
Gentleman
Rider
Lady Rider
Chariot
Rider
Zebra
Circus Tent
Poppy
Monkey
Rider
Monkey
Monkey
and Dog
Clown
Clown and
Drum
Clown and
Flute
Ticket Office
Lemonade
Stand
Fruit Stand
Balloon
ACCESSORIES
Flower Tubs
Flowers
American
Flag



Boy & Flag
Aeroplane
Street Car
Hook and
Ladder
Fire Engine
Fire Chief
Auto
Grocery
Wagon
Taxi
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